

EXTRACT FROM THE "MADRAS MAIL."

Dated the 15th September 1910.

LESSONS IN LOYALTY. **REFEREN**

Amongst all the sinister manifestations of discontent with British rule and hatred of the British which appeared during the last three years there have been not a few signs that the better mind of the country was very seriously concerned to check the seditious movement by cutting off its supply of recruits from among students and schoolboys. Several organisations have undertaken the distribution of wholesome political literature, and some leading publicists have warned students against participating in political agitation. But it has remained for an Indian member of the Bengal Provincial Service, Mr. S. N. Das, of Basirhat, Bengal, to produce a work which must strongly influence the rising generation of Indians towards loyalty. We have referred before to his book "Footprints," but it deserves more extended notice. Its aim is to inculcate loyalty indirectly, not by exhortations to which many would probably turn a deaf ear, but by illustration of the finest traits of the British character and of the best features of British Government. These illustrative anecdotes are drawn from a great variety of sources. On a single page of the synopsis of the book we find, for instance, the story of the last days of King Edward VII, an account of how His Majesty the present King undertook the most laborious and least agreeable portions of a Naval Officer's work with cheerful zeal, the story of how the late Captain Dawes lost his life in attempting in Mysore to save an Indian boatman from drowning and an anecdote from the life of the Duke of Wellington illustrated to impress a love of truthfulness on young minds. There are few pages which do not contain some story revealing the regard of British Administrators for the Indian people, or their sense of duty, or their courage in time of trial. The effect of

reading such a book on Indian schoolboys is easy to imagine. Some of them may have listened to sedition-mongers, and be disinclined to admit any favourable generalisation as to the character of the British people. But when definite instances of fine conduct are put before them, they cannot but honour the individuals of whom they are related, and they must thus be led to respect the whole race

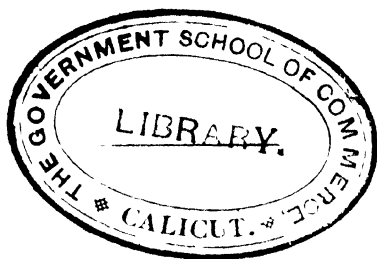
Mr. Das knows well what he is about. He leaves generalisations to the last, and it is only when the young reader's mind has been filled with records of British heroism and chivalry and humanity that he is invited to consider the effects of British rule in India. The schoolboy reading the book thus approaches the claims made on behalf of British rule without unfavourable prejudices, and is, therefore, far more likely to acknowledge the justice of such claims than if they had been thrust before him at the outset. The book (which is priced at Re 1) is an excellent one, and we hope that it will be widely adopted for use in schools. But there are further possibilities in the idea. For example, it would be no bad thing to prepare a volume for use in European schools in this country calculated to make youths of the domiciled community think more highly of Indians. No reasonable person has contended that the desired racial *rapprochement* in India should come from one side only. Lord Dufferin, when leaving India, said.—“Whatever you do, live in unity and concord and good fellowship with each other. Fate has united both races in a community of interests, and neither can do without the other. Therefore, again, I say, co-operate with each other in a generous and genial spirit.” Mr. Das has already done useful work in one direction in bringing out a condition of affairs far more needful now than when Lord Dufferin spoke ; there is also something to be done from the other direction. Good feeling between fellow-subjects is the basis of loyalty to Crown, and it is as false as it is offensive for any Indian who is enmity with the British in India or any Englishman who is enmity with the Indian peoples to protest his loyalty to the common Ruler of both.

FOOTPRINTS

OR

EVERY BOY'S BOOK.

BY
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46 BECHU CHATTERJEE'S STREET, CALCUTTA
1910

momentous feature of the moral training and the incalculable value of the personal influence which should be wielded by the teachers of the rising generation ”

We look forward to our youngmen for the future regeneration of our country. The destiny of the nation is in their hands. How can they be inspired to live and act nobly—to love their country and their King-Emperor ?

The lives of eminent men are an inspiration to the young. All that is good and great in human nature—Truth, industry, perseverance, honesty, thrift, self-reliance and the other elements of character—are exemplified in their lives, examples that draw the attention, stimulate the energies and point the way.

The aim of the present work is to help our youngmen to discover and emulate such traits of British character as have secured it, the admiration of the civilized world—to enable them to understand and appreciate England's great work in India. “Footprints” will be found to answer the description of Text-books contemplated in Government of India Resolution No. 346, dated the 4th March, 1910.

PREFACE

This book relates to British heroism. I have ready for publication, another book about Indian heroism. The idea is to bring about a better mutual understanding between the two Races.

No one is more conscious of the imperfections of my production than myself. The kind co-operation of my good readers is solicited for bringing to notice any errors that they may find in the book.

I am deeply indebted to some members of the Indian Civil Service for going through the manuscript and making valuable suggestions. My thanks are also due to the sources from which I have occasionally drawn the lessons

BASIRHAT
Twenty-four Parganas
The 14th June, 1910

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S. N. DAS.

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FOOTPRINTS

EVERY BOY'S BOOK.

1. *"Glory to God in the highest
And, on earth, peace and good will to Mankind."*

"Alas !"

"Now is the stately column broke ;
The beacon light is quenched in smoke ;
The trumpet's silver voice is still ;
The warder silent on the hill."

Amongst the many good qualities of head and heart, a wonderful zeal for work marked our late beloved King Edward's life. His Majesty had been confined to bed for some days and then he was repeatedly urged to drop business, see no one and keep within doors. His Majesty replied smilingly "No, with my back to the wall, I shall fight it out !" The solicitations were

FOOTPRINTS.

renewed but without avail. The King insisted on working. He rose and dressed although he was torn by coughing and the lungs were suffering. He attended to business, saw public men, signed documents and heroically persevered till the day of his death. He still sat up in his dressing gown being unable to dress. His last words were "No, I shall not give in. I shall work to the end." Soon after, he became unconscious and passed away quietly into the bosom of our God and Father.

Shortly before death, our late beloved King looking through his work at the end of the day, turned to his Secretary and said "I have done all my work to-day and I am so well up with my work to-morrow that I have a clean sheet." My boys, try to have a *clean sheet* always like our great and good King.

Here are a few interesting anecdotes about our late lamented King, every one of which carries a lesson and points a moral.

Gift to Crippled Organ-Grinder.

The King had the Royal instinct, for picking out the picturesque or worthy among the countless people, he saw in his daily walks or drives. While he was staying at Marienbad, in August 1907, a crippled organ-grinder took up his position in the woods on the way to the Golf links. On passing him, the King noticed that he was wearing the Austrian silver medal for bravery, a rare distinction which ranks with our own

Victoria Cross. Thereupon His Majesty had inquiries made and on learning that the organ-grinder had won the decoration in the war of 1886, for saving his colonel's life, he sent the worthy old fellow a present of money.

A surprised market woman.

When King Edward was Prince of Wales, he was one day driving a dog cart, alone and unattended, when he encountered on a country road, an old woman coming back from market, carrying a heavy basket. She seemed almost ready to drop and the Prince stopped and talked to her. Then he offered to give her a lift, which the good dame gladly accepted.

Chatting as they went, His Highness asked the old woman what she had in her basket. "Eggs, butter, and vegetables, which I hope soon to find customers for" was the reply.

"I like fresh eggs," said the Prince, "and if you will let me have the lot, I'll give you the portrait of my mother."

"The portrait of your mother!" exclaimed the poor woman in astonishment, "what good would that do me?"

"Well, you never know," said the Prince of Wales, smiling; "just you let me have the eggs." And as they were nearing the old woman's cottage, the Prince laid his hand on the basket, took out half a dozen eggs and handed the astonished market woman, a gold coin bearing the effigy of Queen Victoria.

The King's personal courage.

A story is extant of the King, when quite a youth, figuring in certain Army manœuvres. He was attached to a well-known Hussar regiment and led a wild charge up a hill only to find the whole of his men ruled out of action by a scientific old general who was acting as umpire. Said the latter, "we do not allow for Balaclava charges in our schemes." The King was, however, just the man to figure in a Balaclava charge.

His personal courage is vouched for by no less an authority than Lyon (afterwards Lord Playfair), who had him, among his students, at Edinburgh, in 1859. Playfair was explaining the immunity of Algerian conjurers who apply hot irons to their bodies. This can be done if the metal be raised to a sufficient temperature. "Now, sir," said the professor to the Prince, "if you have faith in science you will plunge your right hand into that cauldron of boiling lead and ladle it out into the cold water which is close by."

"Are you serious?" asked the Royal pupil. "Perfectly," was the reply. "If you tell me to do it, I will," said the Prince. "I do tell you," rejoined Playfair; and the Prince immediately ladled out the burning liquid with perfect immunity.

Fun with a sculptor.

At the age of five, the young Prince sat to Burnard, the Cornish sculptor for a bust of himself. He was a very restless model and to please him, Burnard gave

him some clay and a cast to play with. When he had filled the cast, the Prince asked Burnard to look at it "and being full of fun, he merrily dashed it in the poor artist's face." The incident is thus pleasantly recorded by his attendant at the time.

The Queen was informed of this practical joke on Burnard and the Royal mother insisted on the Prince apologising to the sculptor. The Prince did so holding out his hand and saying "Shake hands, Burnard, and forgive me. Mamma says I am a little donkey."

"My name is Wales."

When a boy, the King often went down to Eton from Windsor, for he had many young friends at the school. On these occasions, at the express wish of the Queen, there was no ceremony. Once, the Prince, wandering away from the company of a gentleman-in-waiting, was suddenly stopped by a boy, who asked the familiar questions—"What's your name?" "Where do you board?" "Who's your tutor?" With perfect gravity, the Prince replied, "My name is Wales; I board at Windsor Castle and my dame—not my tutor—is the Queen." Then he shook hands with the inquirer, who not at all abashed, replied, "You're in good quarters, sir."

The King and the Hawker.

An instance of King Edward's kindly nature occurred at Longchamp, in May 1903, when he and President Loubet were at the races together. Just before the

big event of the day, the King lowered the glasses through which he had been examining the horses at the starting post and turning to one of the officials in the tribune said—A poor woman over there seems to be having a bad time with the police ; I wish you would be good enough to send over and order them to handle her more gently. The object of the King's sympathy proved to be a hawker, who had inadvertently strayed into one of the reserved enclosures, and was being hustled out with unnecessary violence. Thanks to the King's intervention, she was allowed to remain until after the race and then took her departure in peace

In memoriam.

“Thou wert a daily lesson
Of courage, hope and faith ;
We wondered at Thee living
We envy Thee thy death ;

Thou wert so meek and reverent,
So resolute of will,
So bold to bear the uttermost,
And yet so calm and still.”

2. *Footprints.*

Our beloved King-Emperor George V went on board the *Britannia*, as a Cadet, when he was only 12. There he forgot his exalted rank and was treated in exactly the same way as his comrades, except that he had a private cabin to himself, wherein he could write letters

home or carry on his studies. He was employed in "scraping masts and booms and assisting to refit upper yards." He never shirked work ; indeed, he fared just as did his ship-mates ; taking his turn *in all weathers*, at watch-keeping, going aloft at sail drill, or drill or going on boat duty ; anything that had to be done, he did either by night or day. How elevating is this Royal example of discipline and dignity of labour !

Boys, for dear country's sake, follow the "Footprints" of our good old king and new. Their Majesties' "Footprints," more than of others, have given the name to this humble little production of their Majesties' loyal subject and grateful servant.

Twenty-two years ago, when our present King was a Lieutenant in the Navy, Sir John Commerell, then Commander-in-chief at Portsmouth, received a message from the Prince of Wales (afterwards King Edward VII) that he should like to see his son at Goodwood.

The Admiral gave the message to the Prince whose answer was, "Yes, Sir, but what about my torpedo-boat ? I had orders to take her to Spithed."

Sir John suggested that he thought the Prince could be spared for one day, but the Royal Lieutenant regretfully shook his head. "No, Sir," said he "I have orders and go I must." An hour later, he was steaming out to sea in his uncomfortable little craft in the teeth of an easterly gale.

With our reigning Sovereign, it has always been "Duty first, pleasure afterwards" and even in the short time that he has occupied the Throne, we, his subjects

have been able to realise that this is still his guiding motto. Boys, take the King's Motto—" *Duty first, pleasure afterwards.*"

It is as well here to mention an equally instructive example illustrating the almost incredible length to which the sense of duty and discipline has been carried amongst the English Nation.

"The Atlantie" was bewildered in a thick fog upon the coast of Novascotia till she struck upon the perilous reefs called the Sister Rocks of Samber Island. The wreck was complete and the ship was given up for lost. A number of men scrambled for dear life into the Pinnace. But the captain seeing that the vessel was bound to sink under the load, ordered twenty of the men out. They implicitly obeyed their captain's order and met their fate cheerfully without a groan or murmur !

Nothing was saved except the Admiral's despatches and the chronometer. The chronometer was kept in the special charge of the captain's clerk who had been directed always to hold it in his hand lest any jerk or shock spoils its machinery. On the first alarm, he had caught up the chronometer and run on dock but being unable to swim, had to cling to the mizzen mast. When the ship fell over and the mast became nearly horizontal, he crawled out to the mizzen top and sat there till the spar gave way and plunged him into the waves. He was dragged up into one of the boats, half drowned and half dying, but lo ! there was the chronometer in the grip of his hand still !

3. *English Governor Garlanding an Indian Leper.*

The "Times of India's" Calcutta correspondent writes :—

"Apropos of Sir Edward Baker's occupations, he was photographed at a charitable institution a week or so ago garlanding a leper. The Lieutenant-Governor certainly did not conspicuously seek the aid of the camera to perpetuate his good deed and looked little less unhappy than the leper. Somehow the photograph has not found its way into the illustrated weekly which chronicles nearly all we see or do and we wonder how it came to miss Sir Edward and the leper."

This incident carries its own lesson with it to all men alike—the high and the low, the rich and the poor.

4. *Royal Engineer Dying for an Indian Boatman.*

The 'circumstances in which Capt. Bernard Dawes, R. E., lost his life on 30th July, 1909, will be fresh in the minds of my readers. The repair of the breach in the Krishnarajakatte Anicut on the Kaveri during the monsoon floods was a difficult and dangerous task which might have deterred a less energetic and resourceful officer, but Capt. Dawes, the Offg. Chief Engineer of the Mysore P. W. Department, was determined that the ryots, whose crops were at stake, should have their water, if man could restore it to them. While he was engaged in personally superintending the work, his boat was upset and Capt. Dawes and his workmen had to swim for their lives. Capt. Dawes swam to

within about 10 feet of an island in the river, when he was seen to turn round deliberately and appeared to be counting the men to assure himself that all were safe. Then, noticing that one man, a local boatman, was being swept out in the midstream towards the breach, through the current which ran like a mill-race, Capt. Dawes once more faced the jaws of death and swam out to the rescue of his subordinate. He was carried through the breach and then, strong swimmer though he was known to have been, he sank, stunned, it is believed, by violent impact with the broken boulders of the dam. The heroism of Capt. Dawes' deed needs no comment. The memory of such a man and the manner of his death captivate the heart. In the words of Moore's beautiful lines in "Lalla Rookh,"

"And, oh ! if there be an Elysium on earth,
It is this, it is this !"

5 *Love of Truth.*

The Duke of Wellington was afflicted with deafness. He sent for an aurist who tried all remedies in vain. As a last resource, the aurist injected into the ear a strong solution of caustic. It caused an alarming inflammation. Fortunately, the family physician happened to call and found that the inflammation would kill the Duke, unless immediately checked. Vigorous remedies were at once applied and the Duke's life was saved. But he lost the hearing of that ear for ever. When the aurist heard of the risk to life that the Duke ran, from the violence of the remedy he had prescribed, he hastened

to the Duke and fell at his feet. The Duke, with a smile, said "Ah ! Never mind—you did all for the best." The aurist said, it would be his ruin when it became known that he had been the cause of so much suffering and danger to his Lordship "But nobody need know anything about it ; keep your own counsel and depend upon it—I won't say a word to any one." "Then your Lordship will allow me to attend you as usual, which will show the public that you have not withdrawn your confidence from me ?" "No" replied the Duke, kindly but firmly "I can't do that, for that would be acting a lie. I would not act a falsehood any more than I can speak one"

6 "Heaven-Born Indeed."

We all know of the great disaster called the Darjeeling disaster. How Mr. E.—I C S, C I E. (then Deputy Commissioner of Darjeeling) worked hard to remove the dead and dying from the *debris* ! He saved many lives at the risk of his own, by his prompt relief and incessant labour. His labours were keenly appreciated by Government. He was decorated with the Kaiser-i-Hind Gold medal. How much more, we whose lives he saved, ought to appreciate his disinterested work. We should remain grateful to the great and good Mr. E.—to the end of our days. He has just earned higher distinction. How very glad are we !

There was a flood in the Ghogha-nulla in Bhagalpur. Many houses, cattle, &c, were swept away by the flood. Many persons, died and many more were

rendered homeless and destitute. Mr. C.—I.C.S., was then Collector of Bhagalpur. As soon as the news of the disaster reached Mr. C.—, he lost not a moment in reaching the scene of the disaster. He did not wait for Government grant to come. He started relief with money from his own pocket and saved many lives, working day and night, often, without any food and provided the homeless and destitute with all the necessities of life. Boys, what an instance of noble self-sacrifice is here for you to follow. The people of all Bhagalpur still cherish his memory with gratitude and affection.

My boys, how many thousands of our countrymen's lives were saved during these disasters ! There are many instances, like these, of heroism and self-sacrifice on the part of individual members of the Indian Civil Service. Truly, the service is "heaven-born" in more senses than one. Few countries have administrators like these.

7. *Good Manners.*

Mr. Adams, the author of many well-known books, was once in a Government office. A poor delicate woman was waiting there to transact some routine business. She had apparently walked a long distance. She stood and waited pale, weary and exhausted, while the clerks reclined on comfortable chairs and after the manner of young officials, showed no disposition to expedite the matter in which she was interested. No chair nor bench was provided for the convenience of strangers and the poor old lady was standing all the

while. A young clerk suddenly rose from his seat and with something like a blush, carried his own chair across the room and invited the poor lady to avail herself of it. His companions at once showed a disposition to applaud him, having the sense to admire a courteous action though not the readiness to perform it. Such is the influence of good manners !

When Clement XIV became Pope, the ambassadors of the several states waited upon him with their congratulations. As they were introduced and severally bowed, he bowed also with so much grace that each felt as if he had received a personal compliment. The master of the ceremonies told His Holiness afterwards that it was contrary to etiquette to return the salute. "Oh ! I beg your pardon " said he " I have not been Pope long enough to forget good manners."

S A Nation of Philanthropists.

(a) PRISON REFORM.

John Howard, an English gentleman of fortune, is famous for the exertions he made to lessen human suffering. On a voyage to Lisbon, when a young man, he was taken by the French and thrown into a wretched dungeon, where he and his companions had to lie for several nights on a stone floor and were nearly starved. The hardships which he suffered and saw others suffering on this occasion, made a great impression on his mind and when he returned to his country, he so exerted himself with the British Government that

a complaint was made, and the French were induced to treat English prisoners with more humanity.

For some years afterwards, he lived at his estate near Bedford in England, diffusing happiness all around him. He and his wife had between them a charity purse. On one occasion, she refilled it by the sale of her jewels. Their wealth they looked upon as a trust committed to their care by God, for which they were to give an account. Once when a surplus was found, Howard proposed to spend it on a trip to London. His wife suggested that the money would be just enough to build a nice cottage for a poor family. This was done and the trip was given up. He distributed a large portion of his income in charity, living for his own part, on a very moderate sum.

At length, about the year 1778, his attention was called to the state of the jails in his native country. He found them to be, as jails then were, everywhere, dens of misery, where health was lost, and vice rather encouraged than punished. By great exertions, he was able to effect some improvement in the prison near his own residence. In time, he visited every large prison in England and many of those in Scotland and Ireland. Being able to describe their condition to persons in authority, he caused laws to be made for improving the condition of prisons in England.

Having thus done some good in his own country, he resolved to extend his benevolent exertions abroad. He visited one after another the prisons of every country in Europe, ascertaining their condition and

exerting himself with the various governments to get them improved. Everywhere he lived frugally and devoted his superfluous fortune to the relief of the miserable. In France, strangers were not allowed to visit the prisons, unless they went to give alms. Howard gladly availed himself of this rule, although it cost him a good deal of money. Sometimes he paid the debts of the prisoners and set them free. He was heard now and then to say to his servant "I have made a poor woman happy. I have sent her home to her husband and her children."

Howard had heard much of miseries which the plague produced at all the parts along the Mediterranean. At each of these, there is a kind of hospital called the *Lazaretto*, where the whole of the individuals landing from a vessel which comes from an infected place, are left confined for a considerable time, to make sure that they are quite free of the disease. Of these *Lazarettos* which are as horrible places as the worst prisons and probably occasion more sickness and mortality than they prevent, Howard resolved to make a personal examination. He set out in 1785, without a servant, for he did not think himself at liberty to expose any life but his own! He took his way by the south of France, through Italy to Malta, Zante, Smyrna and Constantinople. From the latter capital he returned to Smyrna, where he knew the plague then to prevail, for the purpose of going to Venice with a foul bill of health, that he might be subjected to the rigour of quarantine in the *Lazaretto* and thus have a

personal experience of its rules ! At Venice, he went with the greatest cheerfulness into the *Lazaretto* and there remained, as usual for forty days, thus deliberately exposing his life for the good of his fellow-creatures !!!

Such conduct could not fail to procure him universal esteem. The Emperor of Germany so much admired his heroic benevolence, that when Howard returned through Vienna, the Emperor requested an interview with him and started a subscription in order to erect a statue of him in a public part of the city. The idea to honour Howard in this way was afterwards abandoned, at the express request of the philanthropist who was as modest as he was good.

In the summer of 1789, Howard set out on his last tour. He went through Germany to St. Petersburg and Moscow. The prisons and hospitals were, everywhere, thrown open to him, as to one who had acquired a censorship over those abodes of the unfortunate in every part of the civilised world. He then travelled to the new Russian Settlement on the Black Sea and established himself at Cherson, where a malignant fever prevailed. A young lady, who had caught the infection, desired a visit from Howard, who, she thought, might be able to cure her. Ever alive to the call of the distressed, he went to minister to her relief. He caught the infection probably from her and became one of its victims. He was buried in the neighbourhood of Cherson ; and here, some years after, the Emperor Alexander caused a monument to be erected to his memory. Howard died a martyr to the cause

of suffering humanity and justly earned the title of "The Philanthropist."

My young friends, follow John Wesley's rules always:—

"Do all the good you can,
By all the means you can,
In all the ways you can,
In all the places you can,
At all the times you can,
To all the people you can,
As long as ever you can."

(b) *Abolition of the Slave Trade.*

The usual method of obtaining slaves in Africa was to attack a village at night with fire and sword. The wretched inhabitants were then carried off, any one offering resistance being instantly put to the sword. A traveller related the story of a woman who for four days was wringing her hands and crying in the agony of despair as she stood by a wide-spreading tree, underneath which her children were playing when they were carried away, never to return. Another traveller described how he visited a certain village and found it desolate. One old man lay dying near the threshold of his hut, the last of an once happy and peaceful tribe, all of whom had been destroyed in one fatal night—the old having been butchered and the young carried off into slavery. Sometimes the child would be torn from its mother and thrown into the jungle to be devoured by jackals to get rid of an unnecessary burden! The

captain of a ship threw overboard into the sea as many as 132 sick slaves, lest the loss fell on the owners of the ship, the law being that if they died a natural death, the owners should bear the loss, the insurers would have to make good the loss in any other case. The subsequent case between the owners and insurers showed that it was a detestable plot to defraud the insurers, the plea of the captain being that water ran short and he had to throw so many slaves in consequence !

Such was the lot of the slaves—a hard lot indeed. To Englishmen, conspicuous amongst whom were Granville Sharp, Thomas Clarkson, William Wilberforce and his friend Sir Thomas Fowell Buxton—belong the credit and glory of altogether abolishing slave trade from the face of earth. It was a long and weary struggle which these lovers of mankind carried on till their cause triumphed in the end.

In May 1772, the unanimous decision of 12 English Judges was declared to be that “As soon as a slave sets foot on English territory, he becomes free.” In March 1807, the bill for the total abolition of the slave trade received the Royal assent. In 1833, the British parliament resolved, at the cost of about two crores of Rupees, to set free all slaves in British territory ! The 12th August 1834, was fixed as the day on which the emancipation of the slaves was to take place.

Throughout the colonies, the churches were thrown open and the slaves crowded into them in the evening of the 31st July. As the hour of midnight approached,

they fell on their knees and awaited the solemn moment, all hushed in silent prayer. When the gong sounded the hour of twelve through the still midnight, the slaves sprang up on their feet and became once more the free men that they had been !!

The Arabs and other Mahomedans are now the great supporters of slavery. The British Government maintains ships on the African coast to check it and good men have formed companies to seek to develop trade among Negroes !!!

In the year 1841, a treaty was signed in London by which France, Austria, Prussia and Russia agreed to adopt the English laws against the slave trade

Buying or disposing of any person as a slave or habitual dealing in slaves has been made punishable by sections 370 and 371 of the Indian Penal Code. Even unlawful compulsory labour, that is, labour against the will of a person has been made punishable by section 374 of the same Code. It is only the dictates of humanity that led the English nation to abolish the slave trade from the face of earth at so much self-sacrifice. It has pleased Providence to entrust our destiny to such a nation and well may we depend upon the honour and good name of such a nation of heroes and philanthropists to lead us on to the goal of our ambition.

9. *Master and Servant.*

When Sir Walter Scott was living at Ashestiel, one Tom Purdie was sent up for trial for poaching, in

his capacity as judge. Tom pleaded poverty and the pinch of hunger and Sir Walter was so moved by his piteous appeal that he let him off. He appointed him his own shepherd. In time, Tom gained his master's confidence so much that he was almost all in all in the household. When Sir Walter grew old and ill, Tom was his crutch and consolation. "What a blessing there is," Scott wrote in his diary, "in a fellow like Tom whom no familiarity can spoil, whom you may scold and praise and joke with, knowing the quality of the man is unalterable in his love and reverence to his master."

There was a poor tailor living on Sir Walter's property. The tailor made some curtains for him and that was all his claim upon Sir Walter's kindness! He fell ill and Sir Walter was all attention to him. "I can never forget," says Mr Lockhart, "the evening on which the poor tailor died." When Scott entered the hovel, he found everything silent and inferred from the looks of the good woman in attendance that the patient had fallen asleep and that they feared his sleep was the final one. He murmured some syllables of kind regret; at the sound of his voice, the dying tailor unclosed his eyes and eagerly and wistfully sat up, clasping his hands with an expression of rapturous gratefulness and devotion that, in the midst of deformity, disease, pain and wretchedness, was at once beautiful and sublime. He cried with a loud voice, "The Lord bless and reward you!" and expired with the effort.

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10. "*His Heart was as Big as the Man.*"

When he was Collector of Patna, Mr. T. I.—was a very popular officer. He freely mixed with the people and had real sympathy with the poor and helpless. In a year of famine, he made it a point to see that none in that part of the town in which his Bunglow was situated, did starve and that quarter consisted of a good many houses of poor people. He had to spend large sums of money every day to meet the pressing need of his neighbourhood. It was said of him—"His heart was as big as the man."

There was a riot in a remote village. He went himself, with the D. S. P., to the spot on receiving information. An illiterate peasant aimed a *lathi* at him. The D. S. P. was very wrath and suggested the location of punitive Police and wanted to handle the man—roughly Mr. I.—laughed and said the man did not know what he was doing. When the heat of the moment passed away, the whole village fell at his feet and there was all peace.

When he was Collector of Hooghly and the Commissioner of the Burdwan Division, Mr. I.—used to go about with 10-rupee, 5-rupee notes and small silver pieces in his pocket. He was a great man for walking and used to freely distribute his purse to the lame, the leper and the blind whom he met on the way. By the end of the month, he paid away a good part of his salary. Was his love for us greater than his money?

I had occasion myself to notice the goodness of Mr. I—. I was riding in the Bankipur fields called the "*Liner Math.*" My horse stumbled and fell and I fell with it. Mr I—was then the Collector of Patna. He was driving past me. He stopped and offered to drive me home. I thanked him heartily but as I was not hurt, I declined the offer and came home on my horse. Whenever I think of the incident, I feel "how good, Englishmen generally are!"

11. *Love of Animals*

The late Mr. Gladstone was so much fond of his dog, Petz, that something like attachment, nay, endearment sprang up between them.

Mr Gladstone was in ill-health and had to go here and there for a change of air. As he was returning home through a busy street, little Petz at once marked him out from a crowd and ran towards him licking and falling at his feet, whining, growling, snarling, fawning and fisking about him and repeated his demonstration of delight from the street to the castle. Petz was as happy as the days were long but he was destined, however, to suffer the pangs of separation before long. Gladstone had to leave for Cannes for his health and Petz migrated with his son-in-law to Buckley Vicarage. With his master's departure, Petz's appetite and spirit grew dull. Now and then he was seen running back to Hawarden in search of his master and his absence was so keenly felt that Petz gradually sank and died.

. . .

There is always a return of true love from dumb animals even. How much more do we expect from a rational being like man !

The last portions of the following extract, taken from Darwin's autobiography of his own boyhood, illustrates his love of animals

" I must have been a very simple little fellow when I first went to school. A boy of the name of Garnett took me into a cake-shop one day and bought some cakes for which he did not pay, as the shopman trusted him. When we came out, I asked him why he did not pay for them and he instantly answered, " why, do you not know that my uncle left a large sum of money to the town, on condition that every tradesman should give whatever was wanted, without payment, to any one who wore his old hat and moved it in a particular manner ' ' And he then showed me how it was moved. He then went into another shop where he was trusted and asked for some small article, moving his hat in the proper manner and of course obtained it without payment. When we came out, he said, " Now, if you like to go by yourself into that cake-shop (how well I remember its exact position) I will lend you my hat and you can get whatever you like, if you wore the hat on your head properly." I gladly accepted the generous offer and went in and asked for some cakes, moved the old hat and was walking out of the shop, when the shopman made a rush at me ; so I dropped the cakes and ran for dear life and was astonished by being

greeted with shouts of laughter by my false friend Garnett.

I can say in my own favour that I was, as a boy, humane but I owed this entirely to the instruction and example of my sisters. I doubt indeed whether humanity is a natural or remote quality. I was very fond of collecting eggs but I never took more than a single egg out of a bird's nest, except on one occasion, when I took all, not for their value, but from a sort of bravado. I had a strong taste for angling and would sit for any number of hours on the bank of a river or pond, watching the float ; when at Maer (the house of my uncle Josiah Wedgwood, the younger) I was told that I could kill the worms with salt and water and from that day I never spitted a living worm.

Once, as a very little boy, whilst at the day-school, or before that time, I acted cruelly, for I beat a puppy, I believe, simply from enjoying the sense of power ; but the beating could not have been severe, for the puppy did not howl, of which I feel sure as the spot was near the house. This act lay heavily on my conscience, as is shown by my remembering the exact spot where the crime was committed. It probably lay all the heavier from my love of dogs being then and for a long time afterwards, a passion. Dogs seemed to know this, for I was an adept in robbing their love from their masters."

Darwin told Mr. Herbert (his friend) that he had made up his mind not to shoot any more ; that he had

had two days' shooting at his friend's—Mr. Owen of Woodhouse ; and that on the second day, when going over some of the ground, he had beaten the day before, he picked up a bird not quite dead but lingering from a shot it had recieved on the previous day. It made and left such a painful impression on his mind that he could not reconcile it to his conscience to continue to derive pleasure from a sport which inflicted such cruel suffering.

Darwin had a dog Poby. When her master was going on a journey she always discovered the fact by the signs of packing going on in the study and became low-spirited, in consequence. She began too to be excited by seeing the study prepared for his return home.

Sometimes, the only companions of his solitude were the beasts and birds that Darwin used to observe closely. It was on one of these occasions that some young squirrels ran up his back and legs while their mother barked at them in an agony from the tree. Darwin did not hurt them, however, as their mother feared.

Contrast the above with the following :—

“Sometime ago the Shah of Persia was on a visit to England and wanted to see how the English executed their criminals. Accompanied by a numerous suite, he went to Newgate. Great was his disappointment upon hearing that the rope gave instant death. However, he decided upon seeing how the apparatus worked and desired the Governor of the prison to be good enough to execute a criminal on the spot. The

Governor said there were no prisoners lying under sentence of death just then. The Shah flew into a rage, when, recollecting himself, he cried, 'that's no objection ; I will let you have one of my suite ! ' "

12. *Religious Toleration*

During the reign of Queen Mary, John Rodger was burnt as a heretic. Shortly before his burning, pardon was tendered to him if he recanted his "abominable" doctrines. He utterly refused it and said, "That which I have preached, I will seal with my blood !" Then said the Sheriff who was taking him out from the Newgate prison to be burnt, "Thou art a heretic." "That shall be known," said Rodger, "on the day of Judgment." "Well," quoth the Sheriff, "I will never pray for *thee*." "But I will pray for *you*," replied Rodger. Rodger was marched off towards Smithfield, all the spectators rejoicing at his constancy. He was set on fire and when the fire had taken hold of his legs and shoulders, Rodger, as one feeling no smart, washed his hands in the flame as though it had been in cold water. After lifting up his hands unto heaven, not removing them until the devouring fire had consumed them, most peacefully did this happy martyr yield up his spirit into the hands of his Heavenly Father. His wife and children met him by the way as he went towards Smithfield. The sorrowful sight of his own flesh and blood did not move Rodger. He cheerfully

took his death and quietly passed away into the bosom of God and Father.

In the same year, six persons including a woman Helen Stark, with a suckling infant at her arms, were condemned to die for not quitting the practice of papistical abominations. The woman was put into a sack with her child and thrown into the river. They all suffered their fate with fortitude and resignation, committed their departing spirits to their Redeemer who was to be the Final Judge and who would usher them into the realms of everlasting bliss.

When we reflect on the sufferings of these unhappy persons, we cannot but lament their fate and drop a tear of commiseration. The putting to death of persons, by the dozen, for no other reason than that of difference of opinion in matters religious, is shocking indeed. But the fate of the innocent woman and her still more harmless infant makes us tremble, at the contemplation of the horrors, which Englishmen in the days of Queen Mary, used to practise on their own countrymen for so-called heresy.

My young boys, look at the religious toleration of our blessed Rulers. Do not wishes rise up in your hearts for benediction upon a rule at once so tolerant and so good ?

13. *"Self-Control and want of it."*

Fox and Burke were great friends. A difference arose, however, between them over the French

Revolution. When Burke lay ill at Beaconsfield, Fox called on him. Burke refused to see Fox. When Fox told his friend Coke, the result of the journey, Coke lamented Burke's obstinacy. Fox, however, only replied good-naturedly. "Ah ! Never mind, Tom ; I always find every Irishman has got a piece of potato in his head." Yet Fox with his usual generosity, when he heard that Burke's end was drawing near, wrote a most kind and cordial letter to Mrs. Burke, expressive of grief and sympathy and when Burke was no more, Fox was the first to propose that Burke should be interred with public honours in Westminster Abbey. How well did Fox behave !

14. "*Feu-de-Joie*."

Shortly after the wreck of the Birkenhead off the coast of Africa, Robertson of Brighton referring to the circumstances said in one of his letters :—

The officers and men went down firing a *feu-de-joie*, after seeing the women and children safely embarked in the boats. Yes ! Goodness, Duty, Sacrifice, these are the qualities that England honours. She knows how to teach her sons to sink like men amidst sharks and billows without parade, without display as if duty were the most natural thing in the world. It is a grand thing after all, this pervading sense of "Duty" in the English Nation. So long as it survives, no one need despair of its future or of those entrusted to its care.

15. "*Well-done!*"

During the Crimean War, the English troops suffered much from the rigours of winter, which proved a far more formidable enemy than the Russians. Mr. Sidney Herbert, the Secretary for War, appealed to Miss Florence Nightingale to take charge of the hospitals of Scutari, which had been much neglected. She went with a corps of nursing sisters, who, by their care and tenderness, saved many a sick man's life and solaced the last moments of many who were on the point of death.

Miss Florence Nightingale related the following incident as having taken place before Sebastopol :—

"A Sergeant on picket got battered about the body by the enemy and stumbled back to the camp. On his way, he picked up a wounded man and brought him in on his shoulders to the lines ! Here his strength failed him and he fell down insensible. After many hours when he recovered his consciousness, his first words were to ask after his comrade, "Is he alive?" "Comrade, indeed ; yes, he is alive—it is the general." At that moment, the general, though badly wounded, appeared at the bed side. "Oh, general, it's you—is it, I brought in ? I'm so glad ; I didn't know your Honour. But,—if I'd know it was you, I'd have saved you all the same !"

This is the true soldier's spirit. Miss Nightingale saw men dying of dysentery, yet scorning to report themselves sick, lest they should thereby throw more

labour on their comrades ! She saw them go down to the trenches and make the trenches their death-bed ! There is hardly anything in history to compare with these noble examples of heroism.

16. *"Great wits are to Madness near Allud."*

(1) HORATIO NELSON OF TRAFALGAR

"When a mere child, he strayed a-bird's nesting, from his grand-mother's house in company with a cow-boy ; the dinner hour elapsed ; he was absent and could not be found, and the alarm of the family became very great, for they apprehended that he might have been carried off by gipsies. At length after search had been made for him in various directions, he was discovered alone, sitting composedly by the side of a brook which he could not get over. "I wonder, child," said the old lady when she saw him "that hunger and fear did not drive you home." "Fear, grand-mamma," replied the future hero, "I never saw fear : What is it ?"

"There were some fine pears growing in the school-master's garden, which the boys regarded a lawful booty and in the highest degree tempting ; but the boldest among them were afraid to venture for the prize. Horatio volunteered upon the service. He was lowered down at night from the bed-room window by some sheets, plundered the tree, was drawn up with the pears and then distributed them among his school

fellows without reserving any for himself! "He only took them," he said, "because every other boy was afraid!"

"Young Nelson exposed himself in a most daring manner. One night, during the mid-watch, he stole from the ship with one of his comrades, taking advantage of a rising fog, and set over the ice in pursuit of a bear. It was not long before they were missed. The fog thickened and Captain Lutwidge and his officers became exceedingly alarmed for their safety. Between three and four in the morning, the weather cleared, and the two adventurers were seen at a considerable distance from the ship, attacking a huge bear. The signal for them to return was immediately made; Nelson's comrade called upon him to obey it but in vain; his musket had flashed in the pan. their ammunition was expended; and a chasm in the ice, which divided him from the bear, probably preserved his life. "Never mind," he cried, "do but let me get a blow at this devil with the butt-end of my musket and we shall have him." Captain Lutwidge, however, seeing his danger, fired a gun, which had the desired effect of frightening the beast; and the boy then returned, somewhat afraid of the consequence of his trespass. The Captain reprimanded him sternly for conduct so unworthy of the office which he filled and desired to know what motive he could have for hunting a bear. "Sir," said he, pouting his lips as he was wont to do when agitated, "I wished to kill the bear that I might carry the skin to my father!"

(2) SIR WALTER SCOTT.

There is a story of Sir Walter Scott (when he was only 3 years of age) having been forgotten one day among the knolls when a thunder-storm came on ; and his aunt suddenly recollecting his situation and running out to bring him home, is said to have found him lying on his back on the summit of the crags clapping his hands at the lightning and crying out, "Bonny !" "Bonny !" at every flash.

(3) SAMUEL JOHNSON.

Once Johnson is said to have taken up a chair at the theatre upon which a man had seated himself, during his temporary absence and to have tossed it and its occupant bodily into the pit. He would swim into pools said to be dangerous, beat huge dogs into peace, climb trees and even run races and jump gates. The most whimsical of his performances was when, in his fifty-fifth year, he went to the top of a high hill with his friend Langton. "I have not had a roll for a long time," said Johnson and after deliberately emptying his pockets, he laid himself parallel to the edge of the hill, and descended turning over and over till he came to the bottom. He jumped over a stool to show that he was not tired by his fox-hunting. His performances were, however, so strange and uncouth that a fear for the safety of his bones quenched the spectators' tendency to laugh.

(4) THE FOUNDER OF THE BRITISH EMPIRE
IN INDIA.

The founder of the British Empire in India used climb to the summit of church steeples, &c.

All these are instances of exuberance of misdirected youthful energy. With years, the naughtiness of youth passed away but the energy that founded an empire and created a literature remained. Those of my young friends, whose boyhood does not seem at first so promising, have only to direct their energies into proper channels to be able to rise in the world. Do you know the early life of Paley the theologian and moralist, who delivered his messages of religion and truth later in life, to a listening world? "Paley," said Paley's friend who saw Paley in bed one day at so late an hour as 11-30 A.M., "I have not been able to sleep for thinking about you. I have been thinking what a fool you are! *I have* the means of dissipation and can afford to be idle; *you* are poor, and cannot afford. *I* could do nothing, probably, even were I to try; *you* are capable of doing anything. I have lain awake all night thinking about your folly; I have now come solemnly to warn you. Indeed, if you persist in your indolence, and go on in this way, I must renounce your society altogether." This emphatic warning was not lost upon Paley. He gave up his idle course of life, resolved upon an entirely new plan of life, with what success we all know. It has been well said "the greater the sinner, the greater the saint."

17. *"Side-lights."*

In winding up his essay on Lord Clive, Lord Macaulay said "Nor will history deny to the reformer (Lord Clive) a share of that veneration with which the latest generations of Hindus will contemplate the statue of Lord William Bentinck.". Bentinck and Clive are great names and are well-known to readers of history. I will only give here a few interesting anecdotes about Lord William Bentinck which show some aspects of the real man.

Lord Bentinck was accustomed to go about Calcutta in disguise and frequently assumed the garb and manners of a military pensioner. On these occasions, he would accost any one, he happened to meet, get into conversation with him and elicit his opinion on the policy of Government. He would also, under an assumed character, sometimes visit public offices in order to be able to discover abuses. On one occasion, he entered the office of the Commissary-General in the tattered garb of a poor old soldier and wanted an interview with the C. G. The Head Clerk very haughtily denied him this and hurried away without even offering a chair, telling him that the C.G. was out. A more courteous understrapper, however, seated him. With some difficulty, the soldier in rags obtained writing materials from the Head Clerk and made his business known to the Commissary-General. The old soldier scribbled something, subscribing himself as "Bentinck." This done, he departed. The note was delivered by

the Head Clerk to his master who was all the while at home.

No sooner had the Commissary-General glanced over the note and seen the signature than he sprang up from his chair and hastened into office and seeing no one there, enquired what had become of His Lordship.

"Lordship, Sir!" exclaimed the clerk, "We have had no one here but a ragged old soldier, who wanted to see you, and when I told him, he couldn't, because I knew you were busy, he asked leave to write the note which I just now gave you."

"Confusion! The old soldier, as you call him, is the Governor-General. *Ho, Buxoo; Buggy Lao, Juldee, juldee,*" (Bring the buggy, quick, quick,) shouted the officer and in a moment the C. G. sprang into his carriage and drove off to Government House, leaving the astonished clerk thunderstruck and dumb-founded.

In about half an hour the C. G. returned with the order of dismissal of the clerk for inattention to public business and the appointment of the under-strapper to the vacancy.

Lord William could take a joke in good part. His Lordship introduced the half *balla* measures and there was a satirical lampoon on it. There was a supper at the Government House. ~~The supper~~ over, his Lordship called upon the guests to ~~sing one~~ after the other when the turn of the author of the lampoon came, he tried hard to excuse himself; the Governor-General would take none,

"Pray Mr....." said his lordship, at least oblige us with one of *your* own songs.

"My Lord."

"We shall be happy to hear one of your own compositions. Come, now, what say you to the song on the half *batta* question."

"Poor....." "I shall never forget" said Captain C—who was present, "the consternation he evinced at that last question. However, he could not help himself, and so, at last, he sang it ; and really it was a capital fun to see the good humour, with which his Lordship bore each successive hit, while the poor novelist sweated like an ox under the infliction, and seemed to tremble, lest his Lordship should get sore at the thwacks with which he was obliged most involuntarily to belabour him. The song at last ended and Lord Bentinck burst into a hearty laughter and the whole house seemed to ring and shake with one united acclamation. His Lordship soon after retired and the poet jumped into his *Palki* unobserved and was off like a shot.

18. "*Beyond the Grave.*"

To the south-west of Hyderabad lies the state of Shorapore. The Raja of Shorapore had thrown in his lot with the Sepoy Mutineers, and was condemned to deportation, the capital sentence originally passed on him having been commuted. He shot himself dead and ever since (1860), Shorapore formed part of the

Nizam's dominions. Colonel Meadows Taylor who was Commissioner of Shorapore relates the following strange incident to have occurred there soon after the Mutiny.

The Senior Captain of the 74th Highlanders was seated, one day, busily writing in his tent, with one of its side walls open. All of a sudden, a young man belonging to his company appeared before him in hospital clothes and said, "I wish, sir, you will kindly have my arrears of pay sent home, to my mother, who lives at such a place. Please take down the address." Mechanically, the Captain took it down and said, "All right, my man, that will do" Thereupon the visitor withdrew, as he had come, without making the usual salute. A moment later, it occurred to the officer that the soldier's dress and manner of coming in were most irregular, so he sent his orderly to summon the Sergeant of the Company. When he came, the Captain enquired, "Why did you allow Private—to come here to me in that irregular manner?" The Sergeant was thunderstruck. "Do you not know, sir, that the man was buried this morning? He died in hospital yesterday. Are you quite sure you saw him?" "Quite sure," was the reply. "Look, here is the note I made of his mother's address to which he desired his pay should be sent." "That is strange, sir" said the Sergeant. "His things have just been auctioned off, but we could not find any entry in the register as to where the proceeds should be remitted." Anyhow, the address communicated by the ghostly visitant proved to be

quite correct, and the circumstance made a great impression in the regiment at the time.

The Rev. A. F. Lacroix of the London Missionary Society was regarded as the best vernacular preacher of his time. His *Memoirs*, written by his son-in-law, Dr. J. Mullens of the same society, record the following remarkable incident which occurred to a missionary friend in Southern India, and which, to Mr. Lacroix's mind at least, seemed to prove that there was no presumption against the theory that after its emancipation, the spiritual body may sometimes show itself to man. The friend referred to, succeeded another missionary, who had died leaving the accounts of the mission, in a state of hopeless confusion. Yet as he was an honest and upright man, it was not to be supposed, he had misappropriated the money, for private purposes. The only question was what had happened to Rs. 700, of which he had left no record ? After spending some days in trying to solve the mystery, the new-comer one afternoon threw himself down in despair on a sofa, in the office-room, regretting that his predecessor should have caused him so much unnecessary trouble. While engaged in again thinking it out, he distinctly saw the figure of a man in clerical garb rise, as it were, out of the ground, and glide to the office table where the account books and papers of the mission lay spread out. Drawing forth a certain document, the spectre placed it uppermost and, glancing round at his astonished successor, immediately vanished. The paper contained an entry that Rs. 700 of the Mission funds

had been lent out on interest to a certain gentleman at Madras. On being applied to, the gentleman in question immediately acknowledged the debt and repaid the amount due.

There are more things in heaven and earth than are dreamt of in philosophy. If these stories be believed (and there is no reason to disbelieve them) there is surely a life beyond the grave. We should so work in life as not to be found wanting, when weighed in the balance, on the Day of Judgment.

19. *"Crown bows down to Law."*

A servant of the Prince of Wales (since Henry V) was arraigned before Chief Justice Gascoigne for felony. Young Henry imperiously demanded the man's release and enraged by refusal, made as if he would do some violence to the judge, who thereupon ordered him to the prison of the King's Bench for contempt. The Prince had the good sense to lay aside his weapon and submit to the punishment. His father (King Henry IV) on hearing of it, expressed his gratitude to Heaven for giving him a judge who feared not to minister justice and a son who could obey it. There is no better instance of obedience to law and order.

20. *"From the Jaws of Death."*

"Captain Sharp and John M'Intosh rescued the burning crew of the French barque *Melanie* in

November 1878 The two ships were lying near each other in the river Adour, off Bayonne. The *Melanie* was laden with petroleum. Some of the petroleum took fire, the heat exploded the casks and the ship was soon ablaze. The burning petroleum ran through the scuppers into the sea and the *Melanie* was soon surrounded by a broad belt of fire. Some of the crew jumped overboard, though others remained, fearing to face the double danger of fire and water.

The crew of the *Annabella Clark* heard the explosion and saw the fire leaping high into the air. Notwithstanding the danger, two of the men determined to save the burning Frenchmen. Captain Sharp jumped into a boat, and John M'Intosh, the ship's carpenter, followed him. They went, stroke for stroke, through the sea of fire towards the *Melanie*. Their clothes were burnt; their hands and arms were burnt. But they reached the ship, and considered themselves rewarded by saving the French crew and bringing them back in safety to the *Annabella Clark*. 'John M'Intosh was so terribly burnt in his hands and arms that he was altogether unfitted for further work at his trade. He was carried home an invalid to Airdrossan, where he lives; and an invalid he remains to this day.'

21. *"Mr. Dubus of Murshidabad."*

It was a famine year. People were dying of starvation. Parents deserted their children. There lay by the way-side a ragged forlorn girl of four. Mr. Dubus was driving past the child. His attention was

drawn to it. He picked it up and brought it home. Mr. Dubus brought her up and got her married. The girl is now the mother of 7 children. Mr. Dubus has settled her in a comfortable home. Every alternate day, no matter whether it rains or hails, there can be seen Mr. Dubus's tandum in front of his foster-child's house. He still meets her expenses. The little girl of four—now a woman of thirty-two repays the gratitude with her warm love to Mr. Dubus.

There are many large hearted gentlemen amongst the domiciled community like Mr. Dubus *e.g.*, Mr. B—of Colgong. Where can we find such good neighbours and true? Let us all live in peace and amity—sharing each other's joys and sorrows. Let us pass through life as good citizens of the glorious British Empire without a strife, without a squabble and without a quarrel.

22. *"The Man in the Mist."*

Hugh Henry Rose was born at Berlin on the 6th April, 1801. He entered the British Army in 1820, and quickly rose to eminence. When at Malta, in command of the 92nd Highlanders, there was an outbreak of cholera among the troops. He visited every man of his regiment who fell ill and encouraged all around him by his cheerfulness. At a subsequent period there was a similar outbreak at Beyrout. Of all men, he remained behind to visit the huts of the diseased and the dying. "Language faintly conveys" says an address given to him by the people

Nowhere in India did the people display a more intense hostility to the English. In June 1857, after the overthrow of the British authority at Delhi, 67 English men and women were murdered at Jhansi in cold blood. The principal *ulemas* and fanatics led their victims in solemn procession to the place of execution, singing the verses of the *Koran*. The English prisoners, among them the Resident, Captain Skene, and other functionaries with their wives and children, were marshalled in regular order ; and on reaching the ruins of an old mosque were halted, carefully separated—the men from women and children and hacked to pieces by the butcher of the city.

Sir Hugh Rose took Jhansi against overwhelming odds, put Tantia Topi to rout and inflicted a crushing defeat on the Gwalior men. Day and night a heavy fire was kept up on the fort of Jhansi. The Rani of Jhansi and her ladies occasionally visited the "Black Tower" in the cool of evening to see how the fight went on. A bombardier in charge of one of the breaching guns reported to Sir Hugh Rose, on one occasion, that he had covered the queen and her ladies with his guns ; and asked permission to fire on them ; but he was told *that kind of warfare was not approved !* After a siege of 17 days and nights during which, the soldiers never took off their clothes nor were the horses unsaddled, Jhansi was taken. The victors treated the enemies, women and children with humanity. "Neither the desperate resistance of the rebels nor the recollection of the revolting and wholesale murders

perpetrated, the preceding year, at that very place," said Sir Hugh Rose, "could make them forget that in an *English soldier's eyes, the women and children are always spared*. So far from hurting, the troops were seen sharing their rations with them !!!

On March 29th, 1859, Sir Hugh Rose was appointed to the Command-in-chief of the Bombay army. On 4th June 1860, on the departure of Lord Clyde for England he was appointed to the Commander-in-chiefship of India. He said ' I will endeavour to bear with humility my elevation which I am convinced, I owe more to the *signal mercy of God* than to my own merits. I feel that with His blessing, I can do an immense amount of good ' but I shall fail in doing what I ought to do, if I give way to anything like feelings of pride "

After holding this command for five years, Sir Hugh Rose retired to England, was raised to the peerage with the title of Baron Strathnairn of Strathnairn and Jhansi and was subsequently promoted to the rank of Field-Marshal. When Commander-in-chief in India, he was noted for his thoroughness of work and attention to details as the following anecdote well illustrates :—

"A Soup Story."

One day, Sir Hugh Rose accompanied by his Military Secretary, Captain O. T. Burne, visited the barracks and hospital of a certain regiment, and observing on the table a bowl of what he took to be soup,

called for a spoon and tasted it. But before expressing any opinion, he asked the Inspector-General of Hospitals who was present to taste it. "Excellent soup" "your Excellency," said that worthy official, smacking his lips, "and most nutritious too!" Sir Hugh turned to one of the soldiers and enquired, "Do you get such good soup every day?" But to the dismay of all around, the man replied in a broad Scotch accent "It's nae soup ava, it's the washin' o' the plates an' dishes!" "The Inspector-General collapsed, and it is added that the Commander-in-Chief lost his appetite for the rest of the day."

23. "*The late Mr. W. H. Lee, I.C.S.*"

Many stories are told of the late Mr. Lee, sometime District and Sessions Judge of Murshidabad. Once he was walking on foot to Kandi—a distance of 19 miles from Murshidabad. He had not travelled very far, when he saw an old decrepit woman groaning under the load of brinjals, she was carrying. He took so great a pity on the old woman that he not only carried the load himself some distance for the woman but gave her a four-anna bit into the bargain. The old woman was so much overwhelmed with Mr. Lee's kindness that she went away blessing him from the bottom of her heart and praying to the Giver of all good for his long life and prosperity. Mr. Lee was said to have been somewhat eccentric but this incident shows his good heart all the same.

Another incident happened on the way at Gokarna—a place midway between Berhampur and Kandi. A woman was coming out of the Gokarna Police Station weeping. She had some pumpkins on her head. Her cries attracted Mr. Lee's attention. Mr. Lee enquired of her what was the matter with her. She said that the Sub-Inspector took a pumpkin and dismissed her saying that he would pay the highest price that she would get for her other pumpkins. Mr. Lee instantly purchased one pumpkin for Rs. 10-0-0, accompanied the woman to the *thana* and made the Sub-Inspector keep his word. The Sub-Inspector grew wiser by his experience and probably never again took anything without paying for it. This is funny indeed.

The late Mr. Lee did not draw exchange compensation allowance because, in his opinion, it should not have been granted.

24. *"Down into the deep—Cap, Coat, Boots and all."*

While Her Majesty's ship "The Invincible" was steaming along, in February 1880, on her voyage from Alexandria to Aboukir Bay, the cry of 'man overboard' rang through the ship. The life buoys were let go. The engines were reversed, and the boats were let down in less time than can be imagined. Meanwhile, the man overboard was observed to get hold of the lead line, which was out, and, in consequence, he was dragged under the water. He lost his hold, and floated astern, a mere lifeless mass.

The Hon. Mr. E. W. Freemantle, Captain of the ship, who was on the bridge, saw that a moment's delay would be fatal to the drowning man. He sprang overboard just as he was—cap, coat, boots and all. He was not a moment too soon; for, after straining every nerve, when he reached the spot where the man had gone down, he found him already some distance under water. He dived and brought him up almost dead. Heavily laden as the captain was, he felt much exhausted, and had some difficulty in keeping the man's head above water. The Sub-Lieutenant Moore, and Cunningham, the blacksmith's mate, jumped overboard to the assistance of both, and the boats arriving, the four men were hauled in, and all were taken safely on board. The rescued man was instantly removed to the sick-bay, where he was soon himself again, and the gallant rescuer, with a little rest, was as before.

25. *"The Hero of Quebec."*

English colonies grew up since Elizabeth's days, along the Eastern Coast of America. They were fast becoming powerful and populous states but France seized the line of the St. Lawrence and pushed her settlements along the great lakes and the Mississippi to the sea. She thus threatened to cut off the British colonies from the great western plains and to confine them to the eastern coast. War between England

and France broke out. That was to decide the destiny of American Canada.

Wolfe was the English General ; Montcalm the French general led the French army to attack the Canadians. The brave but untried Canadians flinching from a hot fire in the open field, began to waver. Wolfe placing himself at the head of the 28th and Louisburg Grenadiers charged with bayonets. The French everywhere gave way. Wolfe, as he left the charge was *wounded* in the wrist but still pressing forward, he received a *second* ball ; and having carried the day, was struck a *third* time and mortally in the breast. "Support me," he cried to an officer near him, "let not my brave fellows see me drop." He was carried to the rear and they brought him water to quench his thirst. "They run ! they run !" spoke the officer on whom he leaned "Who run," asked Wolfe, as his life was fast ebbing away. "The French," replied the officer "give way everywhere." "What," cried the expiring hero, "do they run already ?" "Go one of you, to Colonel Barton, bid him march Webb's regiment with all speed to Charles River to cut off the fugitives" Four days before, he had looked forward to early death with dismay. "Now, God be praised, I die happy." These were his last words as he passed away from the world, in the fulness of honour if not of years. "Wolfe crowded, however, into a few hours, actions that would have given lustre to length of life ; and filling his day with greatness, completed it before its noon."

The evening before he won the victory of Quebeck, Wolfe was passing from ship to ship looking to the arrangements and remarked to those around him "I would prefer being the author of the 'Elegy written in a country churchyard' to the glory of beating the French to-morrow." And while the oars struck the river as it rippled in the silence of the night air under the flowing tide, he repeated :—

"The boast of heraldry, the pomp of power,
And all that beauty, all that wealth e'er gave,
Await alike the inevitable hour,
The paths of glory lead but to the grave."

26. *"Death-beds of Greatmen.—A peep into
Paradise through the gates ajar."*

The whole life of Mr. Gladstone never looked so truly bright as in that smile of death. As the end was approaching, the whole family and servants of the household were gathered round his bed, looked their last upon him and took a silent farewell. Mr. Gladstone lay for the most part with his hands folded across his breast—it was a common attitude of his when in sleep, but at this solemn hour it seemed to the lookers-on, the natural attitude of prayer. At 5 o'clock, Thursday—Ascension Day which is held in deep reverence by all pious Christians—the 19th May, 1898, Gladstone passed away quietly from this world.

Immediately before his death, a gleam of softened

light brightened up Mr. Gladstone's face. It is believed that just as man stands between the threshold of the two worlds, the one he is leaving behind and the other he is about to enter upon,—the whole of his past-life is mirrored forth before him and the man dies in peace or agony according to the measure of his actions, good or bad. If this half-poetic fancy were true, we can well understand why Gladstone's face was so illumined at a retrospect of the past—so full of his struggles for right and justice, the welfare of mankind and the honour and glory of the Creator.

My young friends, work in life remembering the day of reckoning.

A death-bed preaches more stirring sermons than a bench of Bishops.

“What conscience dictates to be done,
Or warns me not to do,
This teach me more than hell to shun
That more than heaven pursue.”

27. *“Forgiveness.”*

A short time ago, the following incident occurred in Hyderabad.

Canon Goldsmith was preaching in the Bazar. A Musalman came up, spat in his face and knocked his hat off. The Canon spoke no word of reproach, but taking out his handkerchief wiped the saliva from his

face and stooping down picked up his hat. He then went on preaching as though nothing had happened. The next night, the same Musalman came again and flung himself at the feet of Canon Goldsmith and implored his pardon. He had been overcome by his gentleness and patience in the face of insult.

This is the true Christian spirit. My young friends should try to imitate it. Do not raise your little finger against the clergymen who are generally so good and pious. They were the pioneers of *English Education* in Bengal, to which we owe all that we hold dear in life.

28 *"The Scramble for death"*

One stormy Sunday evening in March, as the people were coming out of church at Great Yarmouth, their umbrellas being sometimes blown inside out, a signal gun was heard from a vessel on the Groby Sand. The ship had struck on the sand, and the waves were booming over her. The bell rang to man the life boat and the boat-men gallantly answered the summons. While they were waiting for a lull to run the boat through the surf, a young boatman ran up and jerked one of the yawl's crew from his post. "No, no, Jack, not this time," he said; "You have been three times already because I have got married. Fair's fair,—so now I'll take my turn." The boat was launched, and was just clearing the surf, when a breaker lifted her up and flung her completely over. Three of the crew were drowned,

one of whom was the newly-married man who had refused to let his brother take his place. Without a moment's delay another yawl was got ready for launching ; she was pushed out to sea, but it was too late. The ship on the Sand had gone to pieces, and all on board were lost.

Toll for the brave,
The brave that are no more ;
All sunk beneath the waves,
Fast by their native shore.

29. "*True Friendship*"

In 1764, Goldsmith was arrested by his landlady for debt. In his distress he wrote to Johnson begging that the latter would come to him as soon as possible. Johnson sent him a guinea and immediately followed. Having dressed himself, he went to Goldsmith and saw that he was consoling himself with a bottle of Madeira. Johnson corked the bottle, and desiring him to be calm, began to talk to him of the means by which he might be extricated. This discussion brought out the manuscript of the *Vicar of Wakefield*. Johnson looked into it and saw its merit. He went to a bookseller and sold it for £60. He then brought the money to Goldsmith who discharged the rent, administering at the same time, a sound rating on his landlady for having used him so ill.

No man set a higher value upon friendship than

Johnson. "A man," he said to Reynolds, "ought to keep his friendship in constant repair ;" or he would find himself left alone, as he grew older. "I look upon a day as lost," he said later in life, "in which I do not make a new acquaintance." With him, making new acquaintances did not mean dropping the old.

"Friends thou hast and their adoption tried ;
Grapple them to thy soul with hoops of steel."

30. *"Misfortune makes us acquainted with strange
bed-fellows."*

Few men left a nobler stamp on the history of the progress of a nation than did Lord Macaulay on ours. His claims to our gratitude and title to greatness lie in his educational and legislative reforms. He established the Civil Service competitive examination of India and opened up the prospect of our sharing in the government of our country. He foresaw that with the spread of English education, we should claim British citizenship but he thought that would be the proudest day in the annals of British administration. Lord Macaulay's Penal Code was so perfect that years have now passed but it admitted of little improvement. If Macaulay lived to this day, he would have been pleased to look back with pride on a field in which he had won so many laurels.

Lord Macaulay was so unassuming and unostentatious that he was once taken for a commercial traveller.

A London gentleman met a stranger at the Railway Station. Both of them had to go to Olney (Poet Cowper's place) a distance of about 9 miles. There was only one old omnibus and the stranger, who wanted a private carriage, had to be contented with travelling inside the omnibus with other passengers, the obliging London gentleman sitting out. The weather grew so very bad, that the London gentleman had to come in and the stranger kept the whole company enlivened by his charming talk. The omnibus arrived at its destination. The London gentleman was good enough to take the stranger to the best inn as desired. There was an air of marked real distinction about the stranger but it was not discovered that he was the great Macaulay, till struck by his air and curiosity growing keen, some one looked into his hat and read on it "T. B. Macaulay." The identity of the stranger was established for there was only one man of that name and there will never probably be another.

Macaulay had once before been mistaken for a ballad-singer while collecting ballads at Whitechapel for his history. It seems, one of the penalties of greatness is to be mistaken for some one else. Earl Roderdale who once led the house of Lords, on settling his own wine-bill, was taken for his own butler !

Boys, "to be great, you should," (as the Bengali proverb says), "look small." It sounds a paradox but it is nevertheless true. Learn humility which will set off your goodness and greatness to all the greater advantage.

31. *"Dearer sometimes than our Dear ones."*

Mr. D.—was then D. S. P., Mymensing. A fire broke out. The Government Pleader's house was enveloped in flames. His wife and daughter took shelter in a privy round which the fire raged. Messrs. D.—and B.—rescued the two helpless women, through the fire and flames and saved them from the jaws of death. Their own husband, father and brother were standing by, looking on the scene !

On another occasion, Mr. D.—was a passenger by a Barisal steamer. A woman let drop her own child by accident. Mr. D.—jumped into the water from the deck and picked up the child alive ! !

32. *"Dignity of labour"*

Life is measured not by the length of days one lives but by the work he does. The longest-lived man is he who crowds into one glorious hour the work of a dullard's life-time. Before he was twenty, Sir William Jones, the famous oriental scholar, acquired a thorough mastery over Greek and Latin, Italian, Spanish and Portuguese, Arabic and Persian. His scholarship and erudition raised Sir William to a seat in the Supreme Court of our Judicature. Sir William distributed his hours as follows :—

"Seven hours to law, to soothing slumber seven,
Ten to the world allot, and all to heaven."

Boys, if you wish to rise in the world, know the dignity of labour and the value of time. What advice Sir Walter Scott gave to his son Charles at school is to the point and should be laid to heart by all boys.

He said, "I cannot too much impress upon your mind that *labour* is the condition which God has imposed upon us in every station of life ; there is nothing worth having that can be had without it, from the bread which the peasant wins with the sweat of his brow, to the sports by which the rich man must get rid of his *ennui*As for knowledge, it can no more be planted in the human mind without labour than a field of wheat can be produced without the previous use of the plough. There is, indeed, this great difference, that chance or circumstances may so cause it that another shall reap what the former sows ; but no man can be deprived, whether by accident or misfortune, of the fruits of his own studies ; and the liberal and extended acquisitions of knowledge which he makes are all for his own use. Labour, therefore, my dear boys, and improve the time.

"In youth, our steps are light, and our minds are ductile, and knowledge is easily laid up ; but if we neglect our spring, our summer will be useless and contemptible, our harvest will be chaff, and the winter of our old age unrespected and desolate."

As regards the dignity of labour, what can be more ennobling for you, my boys, than to know that the Crown Prince of Germany, the son-in-law of our late

beloved Queen Victoria and the heir-apparent of one of the greatest European States acquired the art of *printing*! His son Prince Henry, learned *book-binding*!! How different are *our* ideas of a man's dignity. Contrasting the ideas prevailing in different countries as to the dignity of labour, the *Rost Gofstar* well said "This constitutes the chief reason for difference in the condition of things in India and Europe." Boys, for dear country's sake, do not despise labour.

What an American Senator said in the course of an electioneering address should be laid to heart by every young man.

"I was born in poverty. Want sat by my cradle. I know what it is to ask a mother for bread when she has none to give. I left my house at ten years of age, and served as an apprentice for eleven years. I know what it is to travel weary miles and ask my fellow-men to give me leave to toil. I remember that, in September, 1833, I walked into your village from my native town, and went through 70 miles seeking employment. If anybody had offered me eight or nine dollars a month, I should have accepted it gladly. I went down to Salmon Falls, I went to Dover, I went to Newmarket, and tried to get work, without success; and I returned home weary, but not discouraged. *I put my pack on my back*, and walked to the town where I now live, and learned a mechanic's trade. The first month I worked, after I was twenty-one years of age, I went into the woods, drove team, cut mill-logs, and chopped wood; and though I rose in the morning

before daylight and worked hard until after dark at night, I received for it the magnificent sum of two dollars; and when I got the money, those dollars looked to me as large as the moon looks to-night "

33. *A fort on fire.*

" It was the occasion of the celebration of the birth-day of George III. All the forts in the island did due honour to the birth-day of His Majesty. The new fort on the hill just above the town of St. Heliers contributes its share to the thunders. It was then shut up and the keys carried away by Captain Salmon.

At six o'clock in the evening Captain Salmon came to dine with the other officers in St. Heliers and to drink the King's health. When the soldiers on guard saw a cloud of smoke issuing out of the air-hole at the end of the magazine. Shouting "fire", they ran away to avoid an explosion that would have shattered them to pieces. Happily their shout was heard by a man of different mould—Lieutenant Lys. Lys saw the smoke and at once perceived the danger. Two brothers, Thomas and Edward had come at the moment to take down a flag-staff that had been raised in honour of the day. Mr. Lys sent them to town to get the keys from Captain Salmon. Thomas went and persuaded his brother Edward to accompany him and thus be off from the heart of the danger. Edward replied that

he must die some day or other and that he would do his best to save the magazine. He tried to stop some of the run-away soldiers. William Pontoney alone of the soldiers offered to assist Edward in extinguishing the fire and lodge with him, if necessary. They shook hands and set to work.

Edward broke open the door of the fort and made his way into it and shouted to Mr. Lys : "The magazine is on fire ; it will blow us all up but no matter huzza for the king ! We must try and save it". He then rushed into the lane and seizing the matches which were almost burnt out, threw them by armful to Mr. Lys and the soldier Pontoney who stood outside and received them. Mr. Lys saw a cask of water near at hand ; but there was nothing to carry the water in except an earthen pitcher, his own hat and the soldier's. These, however, they filled again and again and handed to William who thus extinguished all the fire he could see. But the smoke was so dense, that he worked in horrible doubt and obscurity, almost suffocated, and with his face and hands already scorched. The beams over his head were on fire, large cases containing gun-powder were about to catch fire, and an open barrel of gun-powder was close by, only awaiting the fall of a single spark to burst into a fatal explosion. William called out to entreat for some drink to enable him to endure the stifling and Mr. Lys handed him some spirits—and—water, which he drank and worked on. But by this time the officers had heard the alarm, dispelled the panic among the soldiers, and come to the

rescue The magazine was completely emptied, and the last smouldering sparks extinguished. The whole of the garrison and the citizens felt that they owed their lives to the three gallant men to whose exertions alone, under Providence, it was owing that succour did not come too late. Most of all was honour due to Mr. Edward, who, as a civillian, might have turned his back upon the peril without any blame ; nay, could even have disregarded Mr. Lys' message as a duty, but who had, instead, rushed foremost into what he believed was certain death.

A meeting was held in the church of St. Heliers to consider a testimonial of gratitude to these three brave men (it is to be hoped that thankfulness to an overruling Providence was also manifested there), when £500 was voted to Mr. Lys, who was the father of a large family ; £300 to Mr. Edward ; and William Pontoney received at his own request, a life annuity of £20 and a gold medal, as he declared that he had rather *continue to serve the King as a soldier* than be placed in any other course of life."

34. "*Lo ! The light is near.*"

In the days of persecution of the Christians by pagan fury, in a town called Tell, a lady of eminence was exhorted to change her religion, if not for her own sake, at any rate, for that of the infant, she carried in her arms. The lady replied with undaunted courage,

"I quitted my country, I left my home, I forsook my state. I gave up all that was dear to me. It was all for the sake of Jesus Christ. As regards my infant, why should I not deliver him up to death, since God delivered up his son to die for me?" As soon as she had done speaking, the papists snatched the child from her, gave it to a papish nurse to bring up and then cruelly slew the mother.

In the same way a youth of sixteen, refusing to turn papist, was set upon an ass with his face to the tail which he was obliged to hold with his hand. In this condition he was led round the streets and market-places. He was then mutilated and burnt in several parts of the body till he expired in pain and anguish.

The moral courage of the lady and the boy did not fail them in their hour of sorest trouble and pain. The weary search after the saviour was over and Lo! The Light was near.

35.—The wheel goes round to the last.

John Leyden was bred a shepherd in one of the wildest valleys of Roxburghshire. Without any previous knowledge of medicine, he prepared himself to pass an examination for the medical profession at six months' notice of the offer of an Assistant Surgency in the East India Company. He did obtain the post, he set his heart upon, in so short a time.

It was the same John Leyden who walked between

forty and fifty miles and back in the course of the same day to get a copy of the border ballad that was wanting for the Minstrelsy which Leyden was then collecting for Sir Walter Scott. Scott was sitting at dinner one day with company, when he heard a sound at a distance, "like that of the whistling of a tempest through the torn rigging of a vessel which scuds before it. The sounds increased as they approached more near ; and Leyden (to the great astonishment of such of the guests as did not know him) burst into the room chanting the desiderated ballad with the most enthusiastic gesture, and all the energy of what he used to call the saw-tones of his voice."

John Leyden, was so ill at Mysore, soon after his arrival from England, that Mr. Anderson, the surgeon who attended him, despaired of his life ; but though all his friends endeavoured at this period to prevail upon him to relax in his application to study, it was in vain. He used, when unable to sit upright, to prop himself up with pillows, and continue his translations. One day, the surgeon came in and seeing him working, told him that he would die if he did not leave off his studies. "Very well, doctor", exclaimed Leyden ; "you have done your duty, but you must now hear me. *I cannot be idle*, and whether I live or die, the wheel must go round till the last" and he actually continued, under the depression of a fever and a liver-complaint, to study more than ten hours each day !

37.—“ *Weeping for the poor.* ”

Babu S—was Head Clerk of Mr. W—, then Collector of a Bengal District. S Babu's wife fell dangerously ill S. had to take leave from Mr. W—. Mr. W—enquired about the cause of the leave and was told how matters stood. The poor Head Clerk had not the means to call the Civil Surgeon. He was content with a native doctor's treatment. Mr. W—put the lady under the Civil Surgeon's treatment and paid his—days' fees which came up to a large sum from his own pocket. But for this generosity of Mr. W—the poor lady would have been no more by this time. Mr. W—rendered a service to humanity.

There occurred another incident in the same District. Babu N—was Overseer of the District Board of which Mr. W—was the Chairman. Babu N—drew his own orderly's pay without appointing him and managing the work himself. The District Engineer dismissed the Overseer and fined him Rs. 10-0-0 to boot. The matter came up for confirmation by the Chairman. Babu N—had put in 35 years of service *without a blot on it*. Mr. W—reinstated the old man and gave him his heard-earned pension. He upheld the order of fine of Rs. 10-0-0 remarking that if he remitted the fine, the feelings of the District Engineer would be wounded! What an instance of tempering justice with mercy—a keen regard for the feelings of subordinate officers.

38.—“ *A rolling stone gathers no moss.*”

After many years of poverty and sorrow, Bernard Palissy discovered the enamel. Domestic troubles did not stop him ; his children died (six of them) ; his wife complained and scolded ; the neighbours abused him. His credit was taken from him and he was regarded as a mad man. It is the way of the world, you know ! But when Palissy had dwelt with his regrets a little, because there was none who had pity upon him, he said to his soul, “Wherefore art thou saddened ! Labour now and the defamers will live to be ashamed.” At last Palissy won and found the enamel after years of weary search

“ From an early age, Rev. William Davy gave proofs of a mechanical genius. When only eight years old, he is said to have constructed a little mill after the model of one then building in the neighbourhood. On leaving college, he published in 1786, by subscription, six volumes of sermons as a species of introduction to his proposed work, namely, the compilation of a system of Divinity, to consist of selections from the best writers ; but as many of the subscribers never paid for their copies, he found himself indebted to his printer upwards of £100. This disaster did not discourage him ; he proceeded with his *magnum opus*, but when it was finished, discovered that the cost of printing it would exceed £2,000. He attempted to obtain subscribers for it, but failed in the attempt, and then, with characteristic

perseverance, resolved on becoming his own printer. He accordingly constructed a press, and from an Exeter printer purchased a quantity of old and worn-out types. With infinite labour, and astonishing energy, he pursued his self-imposed task as pressman and compositor, and after thirteen years of such toil as the mind can hardly realize, brought his extraordinary undertaking to a conclusion. He completed the gigantic task of printing fourteen copies of a book, in twenty-six volumes octavo, each of five hundred pages. He afterwards bound them with his own hand, and deposited a copy at the principal public libraries !

“ Keep pushing—’tis wiser
Than sitting aside,
And dreaming and sighing
And waiting the tide.
In life’s earnest battle
They only prevail
Who daily march onward,
And never say fail !

With an eye ever open—
A tongue that’s not dumb,
And a heart that will never
To sorrow succumb—
You’ll battle and conquer
Though thousands assail :
How strong and how mighty,
Who never say fail !

Ahead then keep pushing,
And elbow your way,
Unheeding the envious,
And asses that bray ;
All obstacles vanish,
All enemies quail,
In the might of their wisdom
Who never say fail !

In life's rosy morning
In manhood's firm pride,
Let this be the motto
Your footsteps to guide :
In storm and in sunshine,
Whatever assail,
We'll onward and conquer,
And never say fail ! "

39.—*Dr. Jackson, I.M.S.*

Dr. Jackson was Civil Surgeon of Murshidabad in the good old days when Englishmen threw themselves more heartily into the company of native gentlemen. He came to be acquainted with Babu M.—. The Babu's wife was attacked with cholera. Dr. Jackson heard at mid-night from some body that the Babu's wife was dying. He was himself suffering from acute diarrhoea and the risk of getting cholera himself was, therefore, very great. But nothing would keep Dr. Jackson at home. He came that night to Babu M.'s house without a call, treated his wife, and did not stir

out till he cured her. What a noble example of friendship, love of Indians and sense of duty !

40.—*Virtue is its own reward.*

Moses Rothschild, the ancestor of the wealthy Rothschilds was a Jewish banker of limited means in Frankfort-on-the-Maine.

In the early part of the French Revolutionary wars, as the Republican army entered the territories of the Prince of Hesse Cassel, the Prince was compelled to flee the country. There was none to take care of his immense wealth. The Prince came to Moses and inspite of the repeated protests of the banker, at last prevailed upon him to take charge of the Prince's jewellery and coins amounting in value to several millions pounds. Moses had but just buried the treasure, when the French army entered through the gates of Frankfort. Moses considered the Prince's valuables as a sacred trust and to keep them from being plundered, he did not remove his *lacs* from the bank. The Republicans suspecting nothing concealed beyond what they found in the bank chest, were content to carry all that they could lay their hands on. Moses Rothschild lost all that he had in life. He had nothing left to carry on his business. Seeing, however, so much good money of the Prince lying idle and merchants willing to give large interest, he employed the Prince's money in his own business and in a short time, recovered his former position.

The Prince returned to his dominions and called on Rothschild. "Did the fellows take all?" "Not a thaler" replied Moses, gravely. "What say you?" returned His Highness. "Not a thaler! why, I read in the newspapers that they emptied all your coffers and made you a beggar. Is there no truth in that?"

"I was too clever for them," replied Moses. "By letting them take away my own little stock, I saved your great one."

Moses then related how he buried the treasure in the garden and how he converted the Prince's money to his own use and offered to restore the Prince's deposit, with 5 per cent. interest, since the day the Prince left it in the banker's care. The Prince was greatly impressed with the sacrifice that Moses made for him. So far from taking the money back with 5 per cent. interest, he let the money remain with his banker at the very low rate of 2 per cent. which was more, as the Prince remarked, as an acknowledgment of the deposit in case of the death of either of them than with a view of making a profit by his banker.

The Prince and his banker parted well satisfied with each other. The Prince remembered the services and honesty of Moses. At the Congress of Sovereigns which met at Vienna in 1814, he described to all assembled the fidelity of Moses Rothschild and procured for him the promises of the Emperors and Ministers of Russia, England, France and Austria to place loans with the Banker of Frankfort. A loan of 200 millions of francs being required by the French Government to

pay the Allied Powers for the expenses they had been put to, in the Restoration of the Bourbons, one of Rothschild's sons then residing at Paris was entrusted with its management. The loan was taken at 67 per cent. and sold to the public in a very few days at 93 ! Other loans followed with equal success. The Rothschilds are now in possession of such immense wealth that it is said that they hold the destinies of the European nations in the palm of their hands.

The sacrifice which Moses made of his property to save his Prince's was only surpassed in our own country by the heroic Panna Dhatri. As we all know, she sacrificed her own son to save the King's !

The fortune of the Rothschilds now amounts to something like four hundred million pounds sterling. They doubled their wealth in 18 years. At this rate of accumulation, the Rothschilds firm will own, by the middle of the present century, about two thousand millions sterling. The interest on this colossal amount would support the entire population of France ! My boys, if you try to go back to the origin of this huge pile of gold, you will find "Honesty" and "Self-sacrifice" writ large at the bottom of it. On the firm foundation of "Honesty" and "Self-denial," did the Rothschilds raise their huge fabric of fabulous fortune.

41.—*Force of character.*

It is said of the late Mr. Gladstone that he would not join in any mockery or levity about things which

have a sacredness about them. He did not stand any wanton cruelty to dumb animals. "He stood forth," says Mr. Russel, "as the champion of some wretched pigs which it was the custom to torture at Eton fair on Ash-Wednesday and when bantered by his school-fellows for his humanity, offered to write his reply in good round hand upon their faces." Gladstone was then a mere school boy and even then he gave promise of that large-heartedness, which in later life marked him out as the champion of the weak, against the oppression of the strong and powerful.

Mr. Gladstone was member for Newark. He owed his seat to the exertions of the Duke of Newcastle. The Duke of Newcastle was a staunch protectionist. Mr. Gladstone was a free-trader. Rather than oppose his patron, the Duke of Newcastle, Gladstone made up his mind to retire from the representation of the borough of Newark and to remain out of parliament until such time as an opportunity should arise for contesting some other seat.

Gladstone's sense of gratitude led him to make this sacrifice which meant stoppage of his parliamentary career for some time to come !

"A benefit conferred, where none has been received,
Is greater worth than e'er could be achieved
By giving heaven and earth.

And should the gift be made in bitter time of need,
Though it be smaller than the smallest seed,
You cannot weigh its worth.

Remember all thy life the kindness of the good ;
And him who helped thee when thou lackest food
Count as thy dearest friend.

He that hath broken every law of God or man
May yet escape, yet none may 'scape the ban
Who payeth good with ill."

42.—*A nation of heroes.*

Workmen were detailed to clear a large gas tube at the works of Messrs. Alfred Hickman Limited of Bilston on 27th March last. There was a large accumulation of carbon monoxide gas. Griffiths, the foreman met with his death, failing to remove the ventilating door. Three more men succumbed to the fumes. Bell rushed in to open the ventilator and was overpowered. Griffiths' comrade, intent on rescuing Bell, followed him but only to die with him. A workman named Whitmore made a gallant attempt to reach his colleagues but he fell head over heels and his feet got entangled in the ladder. He became unconscious and was pulled out. Alfred Challoner was next to make a great effort to reach his mates but the gas was overpowering and he, like Whitmore, was extricated with difficulty. Then Hughes came to the rescue and gave his life in the brave attempt. Hughes served in the Soudan, South Africa and the Transvaal and possessed medals but his heroic act in entering the Chamber, filled with the deadliest gas and after so many of his mates had died inhaling the gas, was quite as brave as any he had performed in all *his military career*.

Captain Claude de Crespigny.—On 19th January 1900, Captain Claude de Crespigny was reconnoitring a position in the Boer War when two troopers who formed the advance guard were fired on by the enemy; one man's horse bolted with its rider into safety. The other horse was shot. Crespigny whose own horse had been twice wounded, borrowed a charger, and dashed back through a rain of bullets to the rescue of the dismounted trooper. The borrowed horse was also shot, but a trooper came to the rescue, and all three got safely out of range, Crespigny and the first trooper, each holding on to a stirrup leather.

Another hair-breadth escape is related of the Captain. He was once hunting big game in British Equatorial Africa with Lord and Lady Waterfield. He had a narrow escape from death. He was riding in advance of his companions when he came face to face with a fullgrown lion in an open space. At the sight of the animal, the Captain's horse shied and bolted. At the same time, the saddle slipped round and the Captain was dragged along head downwards by the terrified horse with the lion in full pursuit. The rider, unable to extricate himself, drew his revolver to stop the horse with a shot but a well-aimed bullet from one of the party laid the lion low and at the same time, the horse instinctively pulled up.

The Captain's father—Sir Claude de Crespigny is now 63. It is said of him that he can even now hunt like a hound, swim like a fish, run like a hare and box

like Jeffries. We Indians hardly live to that age, because we take little physical exercise. Sir Claude is believed to be the only European who has ever swum the narrow gut of the first cataract of the Nile ; he has crossed the North Sea in a balloon, escaped from the coils of a python, cheated the sharks at Bermuda and broken an extraordinary number of bones without permanently injuring his health !

The following message dated 9th July 1910, from our Viceroy to the Captain of the British Collier "Lowther Range" speaks for itself :—"The Viceroy desires to express his deep sense of the pluck and gallantry displayed by you and your crew in coming to the rescue of the disabled ship "Trieste" and in towing her across the Indian Ocean in very rough weather at imminent risk of the safety of your ship and to convey his sincere condolences to the family of your brave Second Engineer, who lost his life and to the nine men of your crew who have been injured in the attempt."

My young friends, what a noble series of heroic deeds ! Death to the British nation seems nothing before the call of duty.

43.—*Past and Present.*

The history of nations furnishes no nobler example of a wider surrender of powers on the part of conquerors to the conquered than does that of the British to the Indians. In less than 36 years of the conquest,

Lord Cornwallis framed his famous code. It set bounds to authority, introduced an era of law and order and founded the Civil Service, as it exists to this day. The Cornwallis code was dictated by an anxious desire to conciliate Hindus and Mahomedans and to soothe their feelings. It laid down that the official acts of the Collectors of Districts might be challenged in the Civil Courts of the country ; that Government might be sued *like any private individual* for infringement of private rights ! The idea was done away with that the Collector was a sort of proconsul who was above law or who was only accountable to the Executive which he served. In the language of one of the regulations, "Government divested itself of the power of infringing in its executive capacity on the rights and privileges which in its legislative capacity, it had conferred on the people" !

By the Permanent Settlement, Government gave up all its rights to the lands, excepting only a few of them, which it had reserved in the interest of our own peasantry. From the proprietor of the land, it became, so to say, a Collector of revenue !

To give you an idea, my boys about the rapid advance that India has made by coming into contact with the British, I will tell you a short story. About 80 years ago, the then Raja of Jaipur died. 18 men and 18 women of his household were forced to burn themselves with his body, the idea being that the Raja may not be in want of attendants in the next world ! Many were dragged from their families, bound hand and foot, and

thrown into the flames. Amongst them was the indispensable barber, as the people were under the superstitious belief that the Raja would not be allowed to enter the gates of Paradise unless the barber was there to shave him !

What strides have been made under the British Rule ! These seem to us now to be something like dreams. English education has worked wonders.

44.—“ *Plain living and high thinking.* ”

George Stephenson's father was a fireman at a pumping engine. His weekly wages were barely sufficient for food and clothing. The family lived in a humble cottage of one apartment with unplastered walls, clay floor and exposed rafters.

The duties of young Stephenson were to carry his father's dinner to him while at work, to nurse the younger children and to see that they were kept out of the way of chaldron-waggon which were dragged by horses in front of the cottage and to tend a widow's cows. He used to get two pence, for barring the gates, at night, after the coal waggon had passed.

At the age of 14, young Stephenson became assistant fireman to his father. His ambition was to be an “Engineman” and his joy knew no bounds when he became his father's assistant.

George Stephenson was 18, before he knew his letters. His thirst for learning was roused when he was told that all the engines of Watt about which he

heard so much were to be found described in books. A poor teacher kept a night school and there young Stephenson took his first lessons in reading and spelling.

Stephenson rose to be brakesman in his twentieth year. His wages now amounted to about £4 a month. He supplemented his earning by working at leisure hours and he had the rare gift of men of mechanical genius of being able to turn his hand to any and every thing. He grew expert in making and mending the shoes of his fellow-workmen ! He carried their shoes about, with him, in his pocket, on Sunday afternoons ! Friends to whom he exhibited his shoes, often exclaimed " what capital job you have made of them ! " From shoemending, Stephenson managed to save his first guinea and considered himself to be a rich man ! He married, at this time, Fanny Henderson then working in a neighbouring farm house. After the marriage ceremony, George once rode to Willington on a borrowed horse with his newly-wedded wife sitting on the pillion behind him and holding on by her arms around his waist ! At Willington, Stephenson's only son Robert was born and added a fresh charm to the domestic hearth. What a simple life, the happy couple led !

Stephenson was not long, however, to enjoy this happiness. His beloved wife died. While mourning her loss, he was invited to superintend the working of one of Bolton and Walton's engines near Montrose. Leaving the boy in charge of a neighbour, he set out on his long journey on foot, *with the kit upon his back*. He

returned to Killingworth after one year, with £28 of saved money in his pocket. About this time, every thing seemed to go wrong with him. As if his wife's death was not grief enough, his father met with an accident which deprived him of his eyesight and shattered his frame. He had about £50 a year to meet all claims. His father had run into debts. George's first step was to pay off his father's debts! He then removed his aged parents to a comfortable cottage at Killingworth—where they lived, supported entirely by their dutiful son!

In spite of his slender means, Stephenson made up his mind to give Robert a liberal education, knowing his own difficulties for want of education. Though Stephenson put Robert to school, his means were too limited to meet the expenses of education. He betook himself to mending his neighbour's clocks and watches at night after the day's work and thus procured the means of educating his son!

An achievement which George performed about this time spread his reputation as a mechanical engineer far and wide. At the Killingworth High Pit, an atmospheric engine was fixed for the purpose of pumping out the water from the shaft; but the workmen continued to be "drowned out", pump as the engine might. Stephenson put it right and received a present of £10 in recognition of his skill as a workman.

A more economical method of working the coal-trains instead of by means of horses was a great desideratum at the collieries. Stephenson immediately set

in earnest to attempt the solution of the problem. He first constructed one machine and then another. The second engine which embodied all the improvements that Stephenson's experience suggested, was finished in the year 1815, and may be regarded as the type of the present locomotive engine. A speed of 12 miles an hour for an engine was regarded as a wonder and impossibility. Stephenson brought it within the range of practical life. Stephenson was covered with honours and emoluments. He was offered a knighthood more than once but he steadily refused it!

Stephenson wished to join the Civil Engineer's Institute but the Managing Committee would not waive the condition that he should compose a probationary essay in proof of his capacity as an engineer! Mr. Stephenson would not *stoop* to that and turned his back upon the Institute.

Explosions of fire-damp were rather frequent in the coalmines, attended with serious loss of life and property, in the days of Stephenson. One day, in the year 1814, a workman hurried into Mr. Stephenson's cottage, with the startling information that the deepest main of the colliery was on fire! He immediately hastened to the pit-mouth, about a hundred yards off, whither the women and children of the colliery were fast running, with wildness and terror depicted in every face. In a commanding voice, Stephenson ordered the engine-man to lower him down the shaft in the corve. There was danger, it might be death, before him but he

must go. As those about the pit-mouth saw him descend rapidly out of sight, and heard from the gloomy depths of the shaft, the mingled cries of despair and agony rising from the work-people below, they gazed on the heroic man with breathless amazement. He was soon at the bottom, and in the midst of his workmen, who were paralysed at the danger which threatened the lives of all in the pit. Leaping from the corve on its touching the ground, he called out—"Stand back ! Are there six men among you who have courage enough to follow me ? If so, come, and we will put the fire out !" The Killingworth men had always the most perfect confidence in George Stephenson, and instantly they volunteered to follow him. Silence succeeded to the frantic tumult of the previous minute, and the men set to work. In every mine, bricks, mortar, and tools enough are at hand, and by Stephenson's direction materials were forthwith carried to the required spot, where, in a very short time, a wall was raised at the entrance to the main, he himself taking the most active part in the work. Thus the people were saved from death, and the mine was preserved.

This heroic deed of Stephenson was equalled, if not surpassed, by our own countryman—the late Babu Naffer Chandra Kundu of Bhobanipur who jumped into a sewage-drain to rescue two of his countrymen and lost his life in the attempt.

Stephenson rose, as we have seen, to eminence from an humble and obscure station in life. He hated foppery and frippery above all things. Youngmen used

to call on him for advice and he always gave strong reproofs for such weakness. One day, a youth desirous of becoming an engineer called upon him flourishing a gold-headed cane. Mr. Stephenson said "Put by that stick, my man, and then I will speak to you." To another extensively decorated young man, he one day said, "you will, I hope, Mr.——excuse me ; I am a plain-spoken person and am sorry to see a clever young man like you, disfigured with that fine-patterned waist-coat and all these chains and fang-dangs. If I, sir, had bothered my head with such things when at your age, I would not have been where I now am."

Boys, learn plain-living and high-thinking from the life of George Stephenson.

45.—*Empire Builders.*

SOME ANECDOTES ABOUT THEM.

Sir James Outram :—There is a fine monument of Sir James Outram on the Maidan in Calcutta. It bears the following inscription :—

"His life was given to India ; in early manhood, he reclaimed wild races by winning their hearts. Ghazni, Khelat, the Indian Caucasus, witnessed the daring deeds of his prime : Persia brought to sue for peace, Lucknow relieved, defended and recovered, were fields of his later glories. Faithful servant of England : large-minded and kindly ruler of her subjects : in all, the true knight."

This is a short but sweet sketch of his life. Here are a few interesting anecdotes about his tiger-hunt.

On one occasion, a tiger was discovered by the side of a hill in a thicket of prickly pear. He had with him one European comrade, who fired at the animal and missed, when it sprang forward with a roar and seized Lieutenant Outram. Both rolled down the side of the hill. Being released from its claws for a moment, he calmly drew his pistol and killed the animal. The Bheels who were with him, on seeing their chief injured, uttered a loud lamentation, but he quieted them with a simple remark, "What do I care for the clawing of a cat!"—a speech which was never forgotten, and was long used as a by-word among them.

On another occasion, a tiger was found in a densely-wooded ravine. Lieutenant Outram at once proceeded thither on foot, rifle in hand. It was impossible to catch sight of the animal owing to the thickness of the jungle, and he was unable to see the end of the gorge where it was likely to emerge. He, therefore, climbed a tree, the branches of which overhung the ravine, and his attendants, tying their turbans and waistbands together, made a rope which they bound beneath his arms, and he was thereby, lowered, dangling in the air, right over the gorge. He was thus enabled to see clearly, and as the tiger came out he obtained an excellent shot and killed it. When he was drawn up again into the tree, he, laughing, turned to his trusty Bheels, and exclaimed, "You

have suspended me like a thief from the tree, but I killed the tiger !"

On two occasions at least, he attacked a tiger on foot, armed only with a spear. One evening he had been at a party where the conversation had been about a tiger-hunting, and a story had been told of one having been speared from horse back. Determined not to be out done at his favourite sport, he resolved to attack one on foot armed in the same simple fashion. He was seen the following morning very busily employed in sharpening a favourite Maharatti spear ; and taking it with him, he descended from the *Howdah* of his elephant as he approached the place where a tiger had been discovered. The animal was tracked to a den which had two entrances. Stopping up one of these with bushes, Outram stationed himself, spear in hand, at the other. "There he stood," wrote an eye-witness, "spear in hand, like a gladiator in the arena of a Roman amphitheatre, ready for the throwing open of the wild beast's cage. The bushes were set fire to, and the tiger by no means relishing the smoke, came puffing and blowing like a porpoise, every five or six seconds, to get a little fresh air, but scenting the elephant, he was always fain to retreat again. At last there was a low angry growl, and a scuffling rustle in the passage. The tiger sprang out, and down descended the long lance into his neck, just behind the right ear. With one stroke of his paw, he smashed the spear close to its head. There was a pretty business. The tiger one step below, with the steel sticking in his neck, had

gathered his huge hind quarters below him for a desperate spring, and my friend around, after the fashion of the South Sea Islanders, standing on a little mound, breathing defiance and brandishing his bamboo on high-odds by far too overpowering ; so to bring things a little more to equality, I threw in a couple of balls, which turned the scale."

When the Sciende prize-money was being distributed amongst the officers and soldiers, Outram refused to accept for his own purposes, a sum of Rs. 50,000 to which he was entitled as a Major ! He refused to accept a rupee of the booty resulting from the policy which he had opposed. He distributed the whole amount in charitable objects ! The more his life is studied, the more will it be found how he made it a practice of esteeming others better than himself, of looking less at his own things and more at the things of others. His compassion was boundless. It was this compassion which made Outram so strenuous an opponent of injustice in all its forms.

The Lawrences :—Sir John (Lord Lawrence) rose from an Assistant Magistrate to be the Viceroy and Governor-General of India. Yet he was so simple in his habit that he would walk to church and would have no sentries and escorts to the consternation of his staff. As he once remarked "No old bullock ever worked harder than me." He worked as much from habit as from principle. His aim was to do the day's work within the day. As Sir John was about to leave these shores, his last words to

his countrymen were—" *Be just and kind to the natives.*"

It is said of the great Lord Lawrence that during the conduct of some important case for a young Raja, the prince endeavoured to place in his hands under the table a bag of rupees. "Young man;" said Lord Lawrence, "you have offered to an Englishman, the greatest insult which he could possibly receive." The young prince was, however, excused with a warning.

On the grave of his brother Sir Henry Lawrence is the touching inscription written at his own request—"Here lies Henry Lawrence who tried to do his duty." The Court of Directors in ignorance of his death nominated him as the future Governor-General. In the year 1842, when the prestige of the British arms was trembling in the balance after the terrible disasters in Afghanistan, Sir Henry's elder brother George who had been a captive at Kabul, was sent to Jalalabad to take part in the negotiations that were then going on with the Afghans. George was in honour bound to return to captivity and with all his chivalrous affection, Sir Henry offered to take his brother George's place! There was a sort of "tug-of-war of affections," but Sir Henry was eventually released.

Colonel Edward said of the two brothers Sir John Lawrence and Sir Henry Lawrence—"They sketched a faith and begot a school which are both living things at this day."

The Wellesleys :—The Marquis of Wellesley refused a present of Rs 15,00,000 offered to him by the East

India Company, as it would, he said, cut down the share of reward of his soldiers ! His brother Sir Arthur Wellesley "afterwards Duke of Wellington" was offered a large sum of money by the Prime Minister of the Court of Hyderabad, for certain confidential information after the battle of Asye. He refused the information and bowed the Minister out. Englishmen of the type of Outram, the Lawrences and Wellesleys, falsify the saying of Horace Walpole—"Every man has his price."

"Not once or twice in our fair island story
Has the path of duty been the way to glory."

46.—Mr. L.—I. C. S.

When Mr. L.—was Collector of Patna, he gave a party in honour of the Lieutenant-Governor of Bengal and sometime after he gave another party to students, belonging to the Behar Young Men's Institute. He made greater preparations on the second occasion than on the first. In fact, he illuminated the whole house on the second occasion !

Mr. L.—would not knowingly accept the invitation of one, who has loose morals and who is a disgrace to society. He prizes character in others above all things. He has got a thorough knowledge of any work in his charge and he never does things by halves. Such is the man who is now at the helm of affairs in another province and guides the destiny of a nation.

47.—*Beginnings of millionaires.*

Mr. Carnegie, who has given away for public uses a sum exceeding £30,000,000 or more than £400,000 for *every one* of the seventy-two years he has lived—explained at Chicago the other day how he made his first £2,000.

"I remember," Mr. Carnegie related, "I was working for the Pennsylvania Railway, when a fellow named Woodruff came round with a couple of little sleeping-car models wrapped in cloth. I said to him, 'We shall need those some day in the railway business.' The outcome was that Pennsylvania ordered a couple.

"Later, when I saw Woodruff again, he said to me, 'You seem like a bright young fellow, Carnegie. I believe I'll let you in with me on this.' 'All right,' I said, 'I'm willing.' I'll give you an eighth interest," he said to me and named the sum (several hundred dollars) that I should have to pay.

"I hadn't the money; but I went to one of my employers and asked him to lend it to me. 'All right, Andy, you're a good boy,' he said, 'I'll let you have it.' I told him 'I would pay him off soon' for I knew I could save that, out of my salary, (which had just been raised to eight pounds a month). I kept my word."

"That's how I got my start. I made £2,000 out of that stock, and later, I got into the Pullman Company."

Almost all the millionaires began in poverty and obscurity and ended in affluence and distinction. The

secret of their success lay in their industry, perseverance, business-like habits, tact and foresight and above all, their honesty and fidelity.

48.— *The Romance of British Life.*

One evening, it was blowing a hard gale and a heavy sea running. The Southampton boat had just started from the quay at Saintmolo. Came two Englishmen breathless : "Where's the boat?" they asked the by-standers. "Gone" was the answer.

"Hail her : she is still in sight ; we must go. Can you get us a sailing boat to take us to Jersey?"

"I have one" said a sailor "but the sea is very rough ; I must charge you 200 francs."

"Never mind for the charge ; get her ready."

"But, gentlemen" said the by-standers, "it will not be quite wise of you to endanger your lives like this."

"What is that to you?" said they with an air of self-reliance which would not brook any interference.

It was useless reasoning with them. The face of the younger of the two gentlemen, a fine young man of about twenty beamed with delight, at the idea of the dangers he was going to brave ! A few moments later, the frail barque was under sail, now hidden from sight by a huge wave, now reappearing and making visible the tall form of the young man at the rudder !

The same spirit of bravery is to be seen amongst school-going boys. A score of French schoolboys were one day gathered about the cross-beam of a

gymnasium, jumping one after another, on to a heap of sand. Amongst them, was a young English boy of twelve years, watching for his turn. He was suffering from hernia and every one tried to dissuade him from his purpose. "Why not?" said he "you do it; why should'nt I?" And in spite of all entreaties, he mounted the cross-beam and jumped but to rise no more. He breathed his last in an hour. "It shall not be said" he murmured in his death throes "that an Englishman cannot jump as well as a Frenchman!"

Voyages on vast expanses of rolling oceans and perilous ascents on snow-capped mountains which might well daunt others, thrill Britishers with delightful emotions! If human beings are to be saved from death, the British are not deterred by considerations of race or nationality!! They seem to live more for others than for themselves. Here are some thrilling instances of sinking or even losing their own lives for the sake of those of others.

(a) Henry Freeman and Thomas Bouttell.

At 11-30 a.m. on the 25th November 1908, the s. s. "Sardinia," was ashore off Ricasoli, Malta and burning fiercely. The ship took the ground about 70 yards from the rocks, on which a heavy surf was breaking, the sea being very rough. At the moment of striking an explosion occurred on board which littered the sea with long entangling strips of cotton fabric. Several passengers at once jumped overboard and endeavoured

to swim ashore. A sailing pinnace from H. M. S. "Glory" with a crew of 16 men, came to the rescue of the sinking ship. Acting on his own initiative Henry Freeman, O. S., H. M. S. "Glory," although fully clothed, took a lifebuoy and attempted to swim through the surf to one of these who was seen to be too exhausted to reach the rocks. Twice he was beaten back, but on the third attempt, he reached the man and made a signal to be hauled in, when it was found the rope had become detached from the buoy.

He then towed the man towards the shore where he was eventually washed up alive, being the only one who jumped from the ship and yet escaped.

Freeman himself was ordered not to attempt to land but to swim seaward, and being carried round the bows of the "Sardinia" he managed to get far enough out to enable a launch to pick him up after being twenty minutes in the water.

Great risk was incurred by Freeman not only of being dashed on the rocks or against the burning vessel but also from entanglement in the cotton strips, which were very numerous.

Meanwhile, the "Glory" was continuing its work of rescue of passengers and for a short time established communication by means of a rope, down which four Arabs climbed into the boat.

At that moment, however, owing to the heavy sea and the boat's anchor dragging, the officer in charge was forced to haul away from the ship. Meanwhile, three Arabs lowered themselves down the ship's side

until they were awash and were being thrown heavily against the ship's side with each succeeding sea.

Two were picked up, but the third man became in some way entangled with the rope and was in great distress, collapsing from the effects of the submersion and knocking about.

A Volunteer being called for, Able Seaman Thomas Bouttell sprang overboard, very successfully detached the man from the rope, and supported him for a sufficient time to enable a Customs' whaler to pick them both up.

Great danger was incurred, as there had been frequent explosions on board the ship up to that time; and, owing to the fierceness of the flames in many places, the ship's side was nearly red-hot.

(b) William Jones and John Gane.

At 7-30 a. m. on the 8th April, 1909, two workmen in the employ of the Corporation were engaged at a sewer manhole at the end of Small Street, St. Philip's Marsh, Bristol. One of the men, Samuel Lever, was below at the foot of the ladder examining the valve regulating the flow of tidal water, the other man, John Gane, watching at the top. Suddenly there came a rush of sewer gas, and Lever fell down unconscious. Gane at once raised a cry for help and descended the ladder to the assistance of his comrade, but on reaching the bottom, he also was struck down, falling across the body of Lever. At this time two

other workmen named Jones and Carter were at a point some sixty-eight yards distant and hearing the cry for help they ran to the place. Jones, seeing what had happened, at once went down to the assistance of his fellow workmen, while Carter obtained a rope and lowered it to Jones, who, although only partially conscious, got it round Lever, who was then hauled up. Again the rope was let down, and Jones with much difficulty got it round Gane and he was also drawn up. Jones then made his way up unaided, and although suffering much from inhaling the deadly gas, he at once began endeavouring to restore the unconscious men, and this, with the help of others, was successfully accomplished.

(c) *Commander E. A. Taylor, R. N., and John;
Tucker, A. B.*

At 11 a.m. on the 25th May, 1909, Walter T. Toomer, shipwright, while securing a gun-port accidentally fell overboard from H. M. S. "Britannia" at sea in Lat. 55° 23' N., Long. 0° 17' W. The ship was steaming twelve knots at the time, there being a lumpy, breaking sea. The night type lifebuoy aft was at once let go but dropped about sixty yards from the man, who failed to see it owing to the lumpy sea. The lifeboat was now got away, but was some 300 yards from the buoy. Seeing that the boat was making slow progress, the ship was brought round near to the man, who

was now so exhausted that he failed to reach a circular lifebuoy which was dropped close to him, and Commander E. A. Taylor jumped overboard and took his buoy towards him, but before he could be reached he began to sink. Commander Taylor then let go the buoy and succeeded in bringing him to the surface and keeping him there until they were taken into the boat, which was close at hand. When the Commander let go the buoy, John Tucker, A. B., jumped from the fore-castle and took it back to him, thus rendering useful service.

(d) James C. Maloney, P. C.

At 12-30 p.m. on the 31st May, 1909, six men and three girls left Challenor's jetty, Speightstown, Barbados, in a fishing boat, intending to sail to Holetown. When the boat reached the Fort Shoal she was suddenly struck by a squall, and before anything could be done to save her, she filled and sank some 300 to 400 yards from shore. The men, with the exception of James C. Maloney, police-constable, did nothing to save the girls, who were unable to swim, and as they held on to him he had great difficulty in keeping himself afloat. Finding he could not possibly support all of them, he called to a man named Wilson for help. Wilson then took one of the girls named McClean, but he lost hold of her and she was drowned. Maloney then attempted to reach shore with the other two, and had nearly suc-

ceeded when a man named Earle took one of the girls and landed her, Maloney himself bringing in the third. There can be no doubt that but for the gallant efforts of Maloney, the three women would have been drowned.

(c) Percy R. Lee and Arthur Payne.

On the 5th August, 1909, three men employed by the Urban District Council were engaged in emptying a dumb well or cesspool at the Beaumont Works, St. Albans. The well is used for the disposal of liquid chemical refuse from the Raincoat Factory, and is forty-one feet deep, the manhole at the top being only large enough to admit one person at a time, a rope and crossbar being used for going down. About 12 noon William Pugh, who was working at the bottom, became affected with the gas, which was liberated when the sediment was disturbed, and called for the bucket to be sent down. On this being done he got in, but while being pulled up he became unconscious and fell to the bottom into the chemical refuse, injuring his head in the fall. Arthur Payne, a fellow workman, then went down by the crossbar but was unable to fasten a rope round him, and feeling himself being overcome he was hauled up. Percy R. Lee then volunteered to go down and succeeded in fastening a rope round Pugh, who was then pulled up, Lee having to remain at the bottom until the rope was again let down and he was then drawn up.

(f) Adam Birrell.

On the 6th August, 1909, a pleasure party consisting of four gentlemen and one lady were in a motor on the Solway. When off Rascarrel Point, Kirkcudbrightshire, and about two miles from shore, a spirit lamp was being used for preparing tea, when some petrol vapour, which had collected in the cabin, exploded, blowing off the roof and setting fire to the boat, which in a few minutes was burned to the water's edge. One of the party, Adam Birrell, showed marvellous courage and resource, seeing that each of the others was supplied with a life-belt, in addition to which he unshipped the mast and put it overboard as a further means of support. When all were in the water Birrell placed the mast underneath the lady's arms, one of the others who could not swim also holding on to it, and after giving each member of the party instructions as to what was best to be done he started to swim to shore, then about one and half miles off, for help. Owing to the strong tide he was carried a considerable distance out of his course, and as darkness had set in, it was only with the greatest difficulty that he eventually reached land, but in such an exhausted state that he had to crawl part of the way to the nearest farmhouse, where an alarm was given. The rescuing boat was at once put out. Reaching those in the water, it was found that two men had been drowned, one man and the lady being picked up alive, but she succumbed a few minutes after being got into the boat.

To us Indians these tales of heroism read like what we sometimes see in dreams. But to the Britisher, these are part of their everyday life ! The British fully deserve the eulogium bestowed on them by the Poet :—

“ Rule Britannia, Britannia rules the waves
Britons never shall be slaves.”

49.—“ *Uneasy lies the Head that wears a crown* ”

As we all know, Lord Canning was Governor-General during the troublesome and anxious days of the Sepoy Mutiny. Colonel Stuart's diary records feats of long continued effort such as no man can accomplish with impunity—long days, without an instant's intermission, devoted to despatches, for which an English mail was waiting. After labouring incessantly, on the 10th January, 1858, so Colonel Stuart recorded in his diary,—from 2 A.M. till luncheon time, without even an interval of 'breakfast, Lord Canning fell back exhausted and could do no more. The action of the brain had ceased. The reception, however, which these anxious labours received from his own country-men is noted in the paragraph below.

Towards the close of 1857, the European public of Bengal set forth, in a petition to the queen, the various calamities that befell India. They alleged that they were directly attributable to “ the blindness, weakness and incapacity of the Government ” and prayed Her

Majesty to mark her disapproval of the policy pursued by the Governor-General by directing his recall. The petition contained all the grounds of Lord Canning's unpopularity. The whole tenour of the petition is an indictment against Lord Canning on his misplaced leniency to mutineers and their sympathisers—real or supposed. Lord Canning got, on this occasion, the historical nickname of "Clemency Canning." Proposals were made of razing whole cities, (Delhi amongst others) of converting mosques into churches, of wholesale massacres and plunder of the mutineers' property. Those who raved, however, against Lord Canning, little knew the nobility of the man they were trying to bring ruin upon. On one occasion, when the outcry against him was loudest, Lord Canning showed Sir Frederick Halliday, then Lieutenant-Governor of Bengal and his confidante, some papers illustrating the scandalous brutality of certain of the special tribunals. The Lieutenant-Governor urged their publication by way of reply to his calumniators. "No" said Lord Canning, locking the papers up in his drawer, "I had rather submit to obloquy than publish to the world, what would so terribly disgrace my countrymen! It is sufficient that I prevented them for the future." Under the cold and impassioned exterior, there glowed the warm instincts of chivalry.

Lord Canning said "I will not govern in anger, I will pursue no other policy than that of justice. I don't care two straws for the abuse of the papers,

British or Indian." How that policy triumphed in pacifying the country, restoring peace and order !

The worries during the mutiny told upon the health of Lord and Lady Canning. Lady Canning took a change to Darjeeling and on her way back, in her passage through the unhealthy *Teraï*, she was attacked with fever which proved fatal. She rapidly sank and expired in the early morning of November 18th, 1861. Seven months later, on the 17th June, 1862, in London, Lord Canning passed away—a martyr to his country's cause.

"At a lovely bend of the river—Lady Canning's favourite haunt—her body rests—in the park at Barrackpore." "Honours and praises" so runs the epitaph, which her husband's hand inscribed "written on a tomb, are, at least, a vainglory"; vain too, the regrets of the saddened hearts, which mourned far and wide in India, the loss of the beautiful and gifted lady who had, with such fortitude and devotion, shared the anxieties and lightened the labours of Lord Canning's troubled reign. Her serene courage in hours of danger and anxiety, when the hearts of many were failing them for fears—and her sympathy with human suffering made her death—a public loss—a common sorrow—and made her memory now one that Englishmen treasure among the precious relics of their country's past."

50.—*Resourcefulness.*

A train and its scores of passengers were saved from destruction at Auchen Castle, Dumfriesshire, by

the courage and resourcefulness of an English woman. A hard gale was blowing, and just after the Glasgow to Euston express had passed, at a speed of fifty miles an hour, a large tree was blown across the rails, snapping the telegraph wires and obstructing the line. Its fall was seen by the woman living near, who knew that the 2.5 P.M. train from Glasgow was due in a few minutes. In a moment, she had made the decision which saved the train. She removed her red petticoat, and racing along the line, waved it as a danger signal and shouted her loudest. The train came into view, and it seemed that the driver would not see the signal in time, for its speed did not slacken. At last the driver noticed the woman waving her red petticoat. He applied the brakes and the train came to a standstill with a jerk, only a few yards from the fallen tree !

51.—“ *Back from the Dead.*”

[IT APPEARED IN “THE ENGLISHMAN” AS
“A TRUE STORY.”]

The interest taken, at the present time, in the subject of psychical research and the enquiry into phenomena connected with telepathic communications, thought transference, ghostly appearances and the like, must be my excuse for recording a remarkable incident obtained at first hand a few years ago from a dear friend—a pious old English clergyman.

I give the story as nearly as possible in his own words :

"You will remember, he said, that at the time of the Boer war, when all Britain was startled with the totally unexpected turn of events, many young fellows volunteered for service. Our son Harold was one of them. In due course, he sailed for the Cape and upon his arrival in South Africa, entrained with the other members of his company for the seat of operations

Just at first, letters were received with fair regularity; then days lengthened into weeks and weeks into months without any news except such as we could glean from the newspapers.

Friends would comfort us by saying that "No news" meant "good news" and his mother and I cherished this hope, trusting that all was going well with the lad,—certainly we had no particular reason for believing otherwise. This belief was to receive a rude and sudden shock. One night, I awoke from a sound sleep intensely conscious of a presence by my bedside; this quickly resolved itself, as I became more thoroughly awake, into a shadowy resemblance of our son, dressed only in his sleeping suit, and looking most terribly emaciated and with a face undistinguishable from that of a dead man. Seen, as I saw it, with wide open and startled eyes, the apparition could not be explained by any theory of dreams, and even as I waited, wondering but expectant, there came the words "Good-bye, father." They were plainly heard, distinct but low, just as if spoken by a man on the verge of death.

Deeply moved and disturbed, I awoke my wife and communicated to her, what I had seen and heard,

telling her that I believed Harold must be in some imminent danger.

For both of us, further sleep was quite out of the question. We rose from bed, dressed, and went to my study, this very room where we now are, and spent the rest of the night in earnest, intercessory prayer that the danger, whose nature we were left to imagine, might be removed.

Towards morning, the terrible burden of apprehension was lightened and I remarked *with confidence* to my wife that whatever crisis, the appearance and message portended, had been averted.

Now listen to the sequel which proved how exact had been the impressions received, telepathically transmitted as I myself believe, for such an explanation seems to be the only adequate one.

Time went on and I saw no more apparitions and had no more communications; then there came a letter from Harold, telling us briefly that he had been very ill and was, in consequence, being invalided home.

In due course he arrived; how much there was to be heard and to tell, you can easily imagine. I took an early opportunity of telling him of his visit to my bedside, of the vivid impressions I had then received of some danger threatening him, of the message of farewell as well as of the relief which came, as his mother and I firmly believed, in answer to our agonizing prayers on his behalf.

"Why, dad," said Harold, when I had finished my

story to which he had listened with breathless interest, "That must have happened at the very time, when I was left for dead and only saved by a most fortunate and unlooked-for circumstance.

"It was when enteric of the worst kind was making such havoc with our fellows; it simply cut us down wholesale and I was one of those who had it badly, so badly in fact that the completeness of my collapse even deceived the poor nurses, overwhelmed as they were with work and weariness, into believing that I was really dead. In those days, all of us poor beggars, who were past human help, were quickly removed to make room for others and I was carried off and laid in a row with others who were awaiting burial, on the next day. The doctors, like the nurse and hospital assistants, had far more to attend to, than they could properly manage, or it would probably never have happened that I was removed without a final examination. As it was, one of them was my salvation. Going his early morning round and missing me, Dr. Willis said to the nurse, "Why, where is Harold?" "Oh," she replied, "he died soon after you were round, last night and we have had him taken away." "Died!" replied the doctor "let me see him at once; I know he was very far gone but I hardly expected him to go under, so soon." The tests he applied showed that just a flicker of life remained; he therefore had me brought away from my gruesome companions. Restoratives were applied and the greatest care taken of me.

To the surprise of them all, I slowly recovered and here I am, fast getting as strong as ever.

"It was jolly luck for me that Dr. Willis came when he did or I should certainly have been dead before the day was out or more probably—terrible thought—buried alive."

Then came the comparison of dates and times and we found that when allowance was made for the difference of reckoning, it must have been during Harold's brief stay in the dead-house, when given up for dead and awaiting interment, that his spirit had taken wings and visualised itself before me; also, that the feeling of relief we experienced and the certainty of averted danger synchronized with the doctor's visit and the calling of our boy back again to consciousness.

Harold is now as well and strong as ever and I have never since had any ghostly visitants but the memory of those hours will abide with my wife and myself until our dying day "

y.

Boys, look at the efficacy of Divine prayer It can bring back the dead into life.

These are thy glorious works, Parent of Good,
Almighty ! Thine this universal frame,
Thus wondrous fair ; Thyself how wondrous then !
Unspeakable, who sit'st above these heavens,
To us invisible or dimly seen
In these thy lowest works ; yet these declare
Thy goodness beyond thought, and power divine.

52.—Post of duty.

There were volcanic eruptions from Mount Vesuvius. A sentinel was set to guard the place. Others fled for life but he never flinched. He died at the post of duty, suffocated by the sulphureous smoke of the ashes. His helmet, lance, & breastplates have been preserved at the Naples Museum to remind future generations of how a man should die for Duty.

Boys should keep before their eyes the example of the sentinel on Mount Vesuvius or that of Casabianca, the heroic boy on the burning deck, in their march through life. Never desert your post of duty.

53.—Alpine heroism.

The tragic story of a girl's splendid heroism was revealed by a band of Italian smugglers at Geneva on April 6th.

While crossing the Baldisio Pass, the smugglers heard faint cries coming from the summit of a neighbouring mountain.

They threw down their burdens, and after an exhaustive search found a young girl half-buried in the snow in a state of complete collapse.

A rope was wound round her waist, and she grasped in her ice-clad hand a broken alpenstock. She was lying on the brink of a precipice, and, leaning over, the smugglers found, at the end of the rope, the form of a man.

Some of them raised the girl, while others dragged up the man. He was found to be dead. It was not till some hours later that the girl was able to relate the tragic tale of her adventures

Her name was Paretti, and her age nineteen. The dead man was her brother, with whom she had set out on what proved to be his last journey.

"A heavy snowstorm came suddenly on us," she said, "and we lost our way." "We wandered far, seeking beaten paths, but in vain. At length we roped ourselves together

Suddenly my brother disappeared, and I was dragged along for several yards. My alpenstock snapped, but the gathering snow stopped further progress."

Mlle. Paretti, with wonderful heroism, bore the exhausting cold and the heavy strain unfalteringly for thirteen hours. She tried vainly to draw her brother into safety, and would not sever the rope that bound her to him !

Some of the smugglers carried her home to Chiavenna, while others bore the frozen body of her brother.

54.—*Purity of Life.*

Goldsmith was too poor—so poor that he was once arrested by his landlady for rent. At that time, it was the practice for ministers, to spend *lacs* in secret service money—to cry up the acts of administration and to cry down those of their opponents. Goldsmith could live in ease, if he had but chosen to hire out his talents,

in bolstering up the administration for the time being. Negotiation was opened with him but he would not put his wits to the uses of any party. He spurned the wages of unrighteousness and preferred to die in poverty.

The clerkship of the Rolls—a sinecure appointment with three thousand a year fell vacant. William Pitt was then the prime minister. Pitt was too poor and everybody thought that he would appoint himself. It was not unusual in those days for ministers of the Crown to appoint themselves to such post. Pitt gave the place, however, to Colonel Barre—a poor blind friend. Barre used to get a state pension. Pitt's action brought so much saving to the state. Pitt was serving the state and not himself. Look at his self-denial

55.—In the cause of humanity.

Sir Humphry Davy, after much labour, invented his safety-lamp for the purpose of mitigating the danger to colliers working in inflammable gas. He did not take out a patent for it, but made a gift of the invention to the public. A friend said to him "you might as well have secured this invention by a patent and received your ten thousand a year for it." "No, my good friend" said Davy; "I never thought of such a thing: My sole object was to serve humanity. I have enough for all purposes. More wealth could not increase either my fame or happiness. It might undoubtedly enable me to put four horses to my carriage; but what would it avail

me to have it said that Sir Humphry drives his carriage and four ?”

56.—*Sandow in the Lion's den.*

The “Strand Magazine” for February has a wonderful bit of the reminiscences of Sandow.

“Perhaps the greatest, certainly the most thrilling of all my experiences was my fight with a lion in San Francisco. I was appearing in that western city at the time of the mid-winter fair which followed the Chicago Exhibition. In connection with this fair, Colonel Bone was exhibiting a great menagerie. One day he advertised a fight to the death between a lion and a bear. A tremendous tent, capable of accommodating twenty thousand spectators, was erected for the occasion and several thousand people had bought tickets, when an order was issued by the police that the performance would be forbidden. So the proposed spectacle had to be abandoned.

Then, of a sudden, the thought occurred to me that I should take the bear's place and measure my strength against the king of wild beasts ; and, as there is no law to prevent cruelty to men, there was no objection to my proposal, though Colonel Bone, as well as my own friends, insisted that if a fight was to take place, it must be a struggle between brute strength and human strength. In fine, to prevent him from tearing me to

pieces with his claws, mittens would have to be placed on the lion's feet and a muzzle over his head. This lion, I must tell you, was a particularly fierce animal, and only a week before, he had enjoyed a dish that was not on the menu—his keeper.

Well, the engagement was accordingly made and "A Lion Fight with Sandow" widely advertised. The announcement, I am told, sent a thrill through the cities for hundreds of miles around, and, in order to be fully equipped for a performance, which would be found to attract thousands and thousands of people, I decided to rehearse my fight with the lion beforehand. I had it in my mind, that the effect of mittening and muzzling the beast might be to put him off the fight by frightening him, and, realizing how foolish I should appear, facing a lion that would not fight, I was desirous of making certain that this should not be the case.

Accordingly the lion was mittened and muzzled, but only with the aid of six strong men, and I entered the cage unarmed and stripped to the waist. What happened was in direct opposition to my expectations; bagging his paws and encasing his head in wire-cage only served to enrage the brute, and no sooner had I stepped inside than he crouched preparatory to springing upon me. His eyes ablaze with fury, he hurled through the air, but missed, for I had slipped aside, and before he had time to recover, I caught him round the throat with my left arm and round the middle with my right, and, though his weight was five hundred and thirty pounds, I lifted him as high as my shoulder,

gave him a huge hug to instil into his mind that he must respect me, and tossed him to the floor. Roaring with rage, the beast rushed fiercely towards me, raising his huge paw to strike a heavy blow at my head. As his paw cut through space, I felt the air fairly whistle, and realized not only my lucky escape, but the lion's weak point and my strong one. If he only struck me once, I knew it would be my "coup de grace," and I took particular care that he never should.

As I ducked my head to miss the blow, I succeeded in getting a good grip round the lion's body, with my chest touching his and his feet over my shoulders, and hugged him with all my strength. The more he scratched and tore, the harder I hugged him, and though his feet were protected by mittens, his claws tore through my tights and parts of my skin. But I had him as in a vice; his mighty efforts to get away proved of no avail.

Before leaving the cage, however, I was determined to try just one other feat. Moving away from the lion, I stood with my back towards him, thus openly inviting him to jump on me. He at once did so, and sprang right on my back. Throwing up my arms I gripped his head, then caught him firmly by the neck and in one motion shot him clean, over my head, assisted by the animal's own impetus, and launched him before me like a sack of sawdust, the action causing him to turn a complete somersault. While he fell, dazed, Colonel Bone excitedly fired a couple of

revolvers into the cage, in case the beast should desire to show further fight, and unlocked the door and let me out, my legs and neck bleeding, and with scratches all over my body. But for these trifles I cared nothing. I felt that I had conquered that lion, and that I should have little difficulty in mastering it on the next occasion in public.

When the hour came for the actual contest, the huge tent was packed to overflowing. First came the operation of getting the lion mitted and muzzled. For this purpose, a stout three inch pole had been driven deeply into the ground, in an annexe of the big tent. After considerable difficulty, the lion was lassoed round the neck and legs by six men, the ropes being passed through an iron loop at the top of the pole. This having been done, they commenced to haul the lion up the pole.

But this was not to his highness' liking, and giving one terrific leap, he snapped the solid iron pole like a match, and was on the point of bounding into the tent where forty thousand people were packed like sardines. At all costs, such a contingency had to be prevented, and, recognizing the crisis, I knew I must act, and quickly, if the catastrophe was to be avoided.

Everybody but myself and Colonel Bone fled, despite their boasts of a moment earlier. Quick as thought, I snatched up the broken pole and struck the lion across the nose with sufficient force to cow him, without inflicting any injury, and at the same time, I shouted to

the attendants to bring up the smaller cage, into which I pushed the brute.

Then came the scene in the arena. The lion appeared first, and as I entered the whole place resounded with roars of wild cheers. The moment I came into the ring, however, the lion cowered down. By intuition, he seemed to realise that the previous combat had been a fair one and that I was his master. His whole attitude, indeed, was as one would say, "There was no fluke about that other match." Try as I would, I could not get that beast to fight the very thing I had been afraid, would happen. At heart, you know, most beasts are cowards, and having met his match at the rehearsal, the lion had no appetite for another struggle. "The crowd will be terribly disappointed," I thought to myself, as I tried to goad the beast to make a battle. At last, he made a bound towards me, but I quickly dodged, swung round and picked him up, and then tossed him down. Scarcely two minutes did that fight last. The lion, recognizing that I was stronger than he, would fight no more, and when I lifted him up and walked round the arena with him on my shoulders, he remained as firm as a rock and as quiet as an old sheep. That lion was clearly conquered.

57.—*"Paddle your own canoe."*

Henry Woodrow, M.A., was rightly called the "Nestor of education" in Bengal. He did for education what hardly any man did before or since.

Books and teachers are the instruments of education and Mr. Woodrow spared no pains to make them successful. He was not tired of long marches in the sun or travelling in small country boats or bullock carts. He mixed with and tried to please all native gentlemen and induced them to support a national education. He spared no labour to make a solid lecture attractive; if he lectured on astronomy, he manufactured his hydrogen in Calcutta and carrying it with him, showed his magic lantern by the oxy-hydrogen light far away in the interior of the district. In the early days of the electric telegraph, Mr. Woodrow exhibited the machine to Calcutta audiences. He made education attractive.

In honour of His Royal Highness, The Prince of Wales (our late King Edward VII), on the evening of the 24th December, 1875, Mr. Woodrow's device of "the Star of India," composed of the electric light, (emblem of the rays of knowledge emanating from the office of public instruction, over which the star shone brilliantly) will not be readily forgotten.

Mr. Woodrow once told his wife that his success in Mathematics (he was a Wrangler) was greatly due to his grandfather, who gave him a book (Trigonometry) to puzzle over. Mr. Woodrow was then sixteen. He was confined to bed, for three months, having his kneecap displaced, whilst skating. At the end of the three months, he mastered the book, without the slightest assistance from any one though smarting under the sprain.

Boys should learn self-reliance from young Woodrow's example.

“Up this world, and down this world,
And over this world and through,
Though drifted about,
And tossed without,

Why, “paddle your own canoe.”

Tho' the sky is bleak with clouds,
Or shining a field of blue ;
If bleak the wind blows,
Or sunshine glows,
Still, “paddle your canoe.”

Up this world, and down this world,
And over this world and through,
Though weary and worn,
And all forlorn,
Still, “paddle your own canoe.”

Don't give up when trials come,
Nor ever grow sad and blue ;
Nor ever sit down
With tearful frown,
But “paddle your own canoe.”

Flowers are springing on the shores,
They're blooming so sweet for you ;
The rose-hued dyes
In autumn skies
Say “paddle your own canoe.”

58.—*Slow but sure wins the race.*

"I have seen it remarked," said Lord Eldon "that something which in early youth captivates attention, influences future life in all its stages. When I left school, in 1766, to go to Oxford, I came up from New-Castle to London in a coach, then denominated (on account of its quick travelling, as travelling was then estimated) "a fly;" being, as well as I remember, nevertheless three or four days and nights on the road. There was no such velocity as to endanger overturning or other mischief. On the pannels of the carriage—were painted the words, *sat cito, si sat bene*. It is sufficiently quickly if it be sufficiently well done)—words which made a most lasting impression on my mind, and have had their influence upon my conduct in all subsequent life. Their effect was heightened by circumstances during and immediately after the journey. Upon the journey, a Quaker, who was a fellow-traveller, stopped the coach at the inn at Taxford, desired the chamber-maid to come to the coach-door and gave her a sixpence, telling her that he forgot to give it her when he slept there two years before. I was a very saucy boy, and said to him, "Friend, have you seen the motto on this coach?" "No," "Then look at it: for, I think, giving her only sixpence now is neither *sat cito* nor *sat bene*." After I got to town, my brother, now Lord Stowell, met me at the White Horse, in Fetter Lane, Holborn, then the great Oxford House, as I was told. He took me to see the play at

Drury Lane, Love played Jobson in the farce, and Miss Pope played Nell. When we came out of the house, it rained hard. There were then few hackney coaches, and we got both into one Sedan-chair. Turning out of Fleet Street into Fetter Lane, there was a sort of contest between our chairman and some persons who were coming up Fleet Street—whether they should first pass Fleet Street, or we in our chair first get out of Fleet Street into Fetter Lane. In the struggle, the Sedan-chair was overset with us in it. This, thought I, is more than *sat cito*, and it certainly is not *sat bene*. In short, in all that I have had to do in future life, professional and judicial, I have always felt the effect of this early admonition on the pannels of the vehicle which conveyed me from school. "*Sat cito si sat bene.*" "It was the impression of this which made me that deliberative Judge—as some have said, too deliberative—and reflection upon all that is past will not authorise me to deny, that whilst I have been thinking" *sat cito si sat bene*: I may not have sufficiently recollected whether *sat bene si sat cito* has had its due influence.

Lord Eldon shone as an advocate, a judge and a politician. He rose to eminence by sheer dint of his extraordinary application to studies.

The following are taken from Lord Eldon's Anecdote-Book.

1. At the Appleby assizes, I cross-examined a barber rather too severely. He got into a great passion. I desired him to moderate his anger, and said that I

should employ him to shave me, as I passed through Kendal to the Lancaster assizes. He said, with great indignation, "I would not advise you, lawyer, to think of that, or risk it."

2. My old fellow-student, Robert Sinclair, afterwards Recorder of York, a very honest Irishman, was shown a tumulus by an antiquarian in Yorkshire, who proposed a bet, that nobody could show a greater antiquity—anything older in the king's dominions. Sinclair took the bet, and won it by pointing to the ground on which the tumulus was raised, which must have been there before the tumulus could be placed upon it."

3. Taylor, oculist, dining with the Barristers upon the Oxford circuit, having related many wonderful things which he represented himself to have performed, was asked by Bearcroft, a little out of humour with his self-conceit, "Pray, Chevalier, as you have told us of a great many things which you have done and can do, will you be so good as to try to tell us anything which you cannot do?" "Nothing so easy," replied Taylor, "I cannot pay any share of the dinner bill, and that, Sir, I must beg of you to do."

4. Many absurdities have been noticed in Irish acts of Parliament, perhaps none greater than what, I think, may be found in an English act of parliament. There was an act for rebuilding Chelmsford Gaol. By one section, the new gaol was to be built from the materials of the old gaol; by another, the prisoners were to be kept in the old gaol till the new gaol was finished.

5. Serjeant Sayer went the circuit for some judge

who was indisposed in health. He was afterwards imprudent enough to move as counsel, to have a new trial of a cause heard before himself, for a misdirection by the judge. Lord Mansfield said, 'Brother Sayer, there is an act of parliament, which in such a matter as was before you, gave you discretion to act as you thought right!' 'No, my Lord,' said the Serjeant, 'I had no discretion.' "You may be right, brother," said Lord Mansfield, "for, I am afraid even an act of parliament could not give you discretion."

6. Serjeant Davy had a very large brief, with a fee of two guineas only on the back of it. His client asked him if he had read his brief. He pointed with his finger to the fee, and said, 'As far as that, I have read, and for the life of me, I can read no further.'

7. An attorney in Dublin having died exceedingly poor, a shilling subscription was set on foot to pay the expenses of his funeral. Most of the attorneys and barristers having subscribed, one of them applied to Toler, (afterwards Lord Chief Justice Norbury) expressing his hope that he would also subscribe his shilling. Said Toler, "only a shilling to bury an attorney? Here is a guinea: go and bury one and twenty of them."

8. This gentleman (Mr. Jekyll, one of the most celebrated wits at the box) in his practice as a common lawyer, was very successful as many others have been, in diverting the attention of Jurymen at County assizes from thinking seriously in serious proceedings, by introducing observations and jokes, tending to turn all that was passing into the ridiculous. I want his

circuit as a judge, when I was Chief Justice of the Common Pleas. There was a trial before me, I think in Somersetshire, of a prisoner for a riot. There were several questions asked by Jekyll and the counsel for the prosecution (Jekyll being counsel for the prisoner) as to the number of persons that composed the body of rioters. This species of questioning appearing to me to go to unnecessary length, I interposed by saying, Mr. Jekyll, is it not sufficiently proved that there were more than three persons? Now, do not three constitute enough in number as to matters of riot? "I beg your Lordship's pardon," said Jekyll; "the case has not been fairly, candidly, and fully opened to your Lordship and Jury. They have not told you and the Jury that the rioters were all "tailors;" and I therefore confidently submit to the Jury, that in this particular case, they must prove that there were present at least nine times three, at least twenty-seven, though three men, *not tailors*, might be enough." This tickled the fancy of the Jurymen, made them laugh heartily and though the case grew serious, they did not grow serious, and acquitted the prisoners.

9. Once I had a very handsome offer made to me. I was pleading for the rights of the inhabitants of the Isle of Man. Now I had been reading in Coke, and I found there that the people of the Isle of Man were no beggars; so in my speech I said, "The people of the Isle of Man are no beggars; I do not therefore beg their rights, I demand them." This so pleased an old smuggler who was present, that when the trial was

over, he called me aside and said, "Young gentleman, let me tell you, you shall have my daughter if you will marry her, and one hundred thousand pounds for her fortune! That was a very handsome offer; but I told him that I happened to have a wife, who had nothing for her fortune; *therefore* I must stick to her."

10. I had, very early after I was called to the Bar, a brief in business in the King's Bench as junior to Mr. Dunning. He began the argument, and appeared to me to be reasoning very powerfully against our client. Waiting till I was quite convinced that he had mistaken for what party he was retained, I then touched his arm, and, upon his turning his head towards me, I whispered to him that he must have misunderstood for whom he was employed, as he was reasoning against our client. He gave me a very rough and rude reprimand for not having sooner set him right, and then proceeded to state that, what he had addressed to the Court, was all that could be stated against his client and that he had put the case as unfavourably as possible against him, in order that the Court might see how very satisfactorily the case against him could be answered; and, accordingly, very powerfully answered what he had before stated.

59.—"*Honour thy father and thy mother.*"

Johnson was missed one morning at breakfast and did not return till supper time. Returning home, he

narrated how his time had been passed. On that day, *50 years before*, his father confined by illness, had begged him to take his place to sell books at a stall at Uttoxeter. Pride and petulance made him refuse. "*To do away with the sin of this disobedience*" said Johnson "I this day went in a post chaise to Uttoxeter and going into the market at the time of high business, uncovered my head and stood with it bare, an hour before the stall, which my father had formerly used, exposed to the sneers of the by-standers and the inclemency of the weather ; a penance by which I trust I propitiated heaven for this only instance, I believe, of contumacy to my father !"

Johnson's affection for his mother was as great as that for his father. He raised 12 guineas, six of which he borrowed from his printer, to send to his dying mother. On this occasion, he wrote his last letter to his mother which was as affectionate as it was pathetic.

"Dear Honoured mother, you have been the best mother and I believe, the best woman in the world. I thank you for your indulgence to me, and beg forgiveness of all that I have done ill, and all that I have omitted to do well. God grant you His Holy Spirit, and receive you to everlasting happiness for Jesus Christ's sake. Amen Lord Jesus receive your spirit. I am, dear, dear mother, your dutiful son. Samuel Johnson."

"*Cursed be he that setteth light by his father or mother.*"

In coming to turn a train in sight on to a different track to prevent collision with another train approaching from the opposite direction, a Prussian pointsman just espied his little son playing on the track of the advancing engine. The pointsman was sorely tried, for his choice lay between saving his son or saving a hundred lives that the coming train was carrying. He exclaimed in a loud voice to his son to "lie down" and turned the points in time. The train thundered over the boy as he lay down, in obedience to his father's order. The joy of the father knew no bounds when, instead of a mangled mass, he found his son alive, and unharmed. The obedience of children should be like the Prussian pointsman's son—*implicit* and *unquestioning*. "A wise son maketh a glad father; but a foolish son is the heaviness of his mother."

"Sweet is the smile of home; the mutual look,
When hearts are of each other sure;
Sweet all the joys that crowd the household nook,
The haunt of all affections pure."

60.—"*An angel on the stormy waves.*"

The Longstone light-house had been erected to warn off the ships passing between England and Scotland. Two old persons—a man and his wife—and a young woman, their daughter, were the keepers of the light-house, on a wild night in September, 1838.

The steamer "Forfarshire" was on its voyage from Hull to Dundee. The ship was in bad condition. When she reached St. Abbe's Head, she was driven back by a terrible storm, and, early in the morning, striking with tremendous force on the Hawkers' Rocks, snapped in two. Most of the passengers and crew were swept into the sea and drowned. The fore part of the vessel remained stuck on the rock ; it was occupied by nine persons, crying for help.

The cries were heard by Grace Darling at the light-house, half a mile off. It was the last watch before extinguishing the light at sunrise, and Grace was keeping it. Although the fog was still prevailing and the sea boisterous, she saw the wrecked passengers clinging to the windlass in the fore part of the vessel. She entreated her father to let down the boat, and go to sea to rescue the drowning people. William Darling declared that it would be rushing upon certain death. Yet he let down the boat, and Grace Darling was the first to enter it. The old man followed. Why speak of danger ? The chances of rescue, of self-preservation, were infinitesimal. But God strengthened the woman's arm, as He had visited her heart ; and away the two went, in dread and awe.

By dint of great care and vigilance, the father succeeded in landing on the rock and making his way to the wreck, while Grace rowed off and on among the breakers, keeping her boat from being dashed to pieces. One by one, the nine survivors were placed in the boat and carried to the light-house. There the mother

was ready to receive them, to nurse them, to feed them, and to restore them to health and strength. They remained there for three days, until the storm abated, and they could be carried to the main land.

The spirit of the nation was stirred by the heroic act. Innumerable gifts were sent to Grace Darling. Artists came from a distance to paint her portrait. Wordsworth wrote a poem about her. She was offered £ 20 a night to sit in a boat at the Adelphi Theatre during a ship-wreck scene. But she would not leave her sea-girt rock. Why should she leave the light-house? What place so fitting to hold this queen? One who visited her, speaks of her genuine simplicity, her quiet manner, and her genuine goodness.

Three years after the rescue, symptoms of consumption appeared. In a few months she died, quietly, happily, religiously. Shortly before her death, she received a farewell visit from one of her own sex, who came in humble attire to bid her God-speed on her last journey. The good sister was the Duchess of Northumberland, and her coronet will shine the brighter for all time, because of that affectionate and womanly leave-taking. The deed is registered,

" In the rolls of Heaven, where
it will live,
A theme for angels when they celebrate
The high-souled virtues which forgetful earth
Has witnessed."

61.—*The late Sir H. L. Harrison C.I.E., I.C.S.*

The Harrison Road of Calcutta is named after the personage whose name stands at the top of the page. I will tell you a few anecdotes about him.

Mr. Harrison never spurned beggars from his doors nor was any one disappointed with his charity, if he really deserved it. Before long, he became (as he was bound to be) popular. The following incident occurred during his incumbency at Midnapur. The Nazir put in his bill for coolie hire. Mr. Harrison's Sirdar—a new man—under-estimated the bill as much as possible paying the coolies as little as possible. Mr. Harrison at once saw through the bill and remarked "Sirdar, you seem to think that the less I have to pay, the more I will be pleased. But did it ever occur to you that we should be robbing the poor coolies by the amount we pay them less than their *just* dues? To be on the safe side, pay your men in future, double the wages that they ordinarily get elsewhere. It is far better to err on the side of leniency and it is infinitely better that I—a collector—*should* have to pay an extra Rupee than that poor people should lose a pice."

Mr. Harrison was once going on foot to pay a visit to a branch of the family of Raja Sitaram Roy now settled at Chandrakona (formerly Hooghly, now Midnapur). A house caught fire at a distance and nothing would keep Mr. Harrison from running to the scene of fire as fast as his legs could carry him. In an instant, he was himself on the house top and offered to pay 4

pice for each *Kalsi* (Jug) of water that would be thrown on the fire. The fire put out and the rewards paid from his own pocket, he shook hands with the members of the family—all in high Government service. The whole village turned out and garlanded Mr. Harrison amidst the blowing of conches and the cries of “ulu” “ulu” (huzzas).

62.—*In trying Circumstances.*

William Hutton's autobiography is one of the best among the narratives, illustrating the pursuit of knowledge under difficulties. The lively pictures drawn by him of his youthful experiences deserve to take a high place, among the many noble records of early struggles.

Hutton recorded three of his early boyish freaks—

(1) In the corner of my aunt's garden stood a hive of bees. One day, I gave them a blow with my hat and ran away. A party was instantly detached in pursuit of me, which being swifter of wing than I of foot, settled on my back. I roared as well as I ran. My timorous aunt durst not touch them, but sent for a neighbour, while I continued in agonies. After committing great depredations, the enemy were reduced : I was put under cure but never forgot who was the aggressor.

(2) Another incident was the adventure of a frog. A humble member of the croaking society happening to hop out to take the evening air, approached the door

where our three heroines (3 aunts) stood and I near them. They darted in, terribly frightened, shut the door and handed a broom through the window with orders for me to kill the frog. *I was pleased that I could be useful* ; but while fumbling with the broom, which I was not much used to handle, the condemned animal escaped ; I lost a little credit and got more blame as having left an enemy in ambush !

(3) My mother, unknown to me, came to Mountsorrel to fetch me home. The maid took me out of bed naked, except my shirt, and having her left hand employed, could only spare the right with which she dangled me downstairs by the arm, as a man does a new-purchased goose, her knee thumping against my back every step. I was exceedingly ashamed to appear before my mother, then a stranger, in that indecent state.

The following account of Hutton's life should cheer up those of my young friends, who might be despairing of success in life, owing to straitened circumstances.

William Hutton was placed in a silk-mill in the town of Derby when only seven years old. He worked there for seven years, rising at five in the morning, submitting to the cane whenever his master thought proper to make use of it. In the Christmas of 1731, there was a very sharp frost followed by a thaw and another frost when the streets were again glazed with ice. On awaking one night, it seemed to him to have been the break of day. Hutton rose in tears, fearful of punishment by his dread master. He shot forth to the top of the silk-mill lane, hardly two hundred yards

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off. He fell down nine times in the By his There was no light in the mill and he perceived it was still too early, the reflection of the snow giving the night, the appearance of day. As he was returning home, the gong announced the hour of two !

About this time, he lost his mother ! His father gave up house-keeping, sold the furniture and spent his time at an ale-house. At one time, Hutton fasted from breakfast one day till noon the next and then only dined upon flour and water boiled into a hasty pudding. Hutton was an economist from his cradle and this character never forsook him. Later in life, he used to say, he owed his success mainly to this character. His uncle's cruelty was equal to Hutton's destitution. He gave him a severe cut in the back with a cane. In a subsequent punishment, the point of the cane struck the wound and brought Hutton very nearly to the point of death. Hutton said " My uncle seemed sorry for what had happened and inclined to make matters up. He gave me some fruits to partake but my wounds were too deep to be healed with cherries " Hutton was bare-headed and bare-footed with a thin coat to his back to keep off the cold of an English winter. With a bag slung over his shoulder which contained all that he had—a six-penny loaf of the coarsest bread, a bit of butter wrapped in the leaves of an old copy-book, and 2 pence cash—he slipped away from his uncle and he plunged into the wide, wide world before him in search of employment and arrived at Lichfield the next morning. Passing the night in the open with

the blue ~~three~~ of heaven for his roof, he saw a barn at a distance and came to it hoping to get shelter. He tried the door and found it locked. He left his bag there and went out in search of shelter and employment. Returning he found his bag stolen. He shed bitter tears over his loss, sitting by the roadside. The hum of the evening died away as night advanced, till by midnight, Hutton found the mournful silence of the night broken only by his cries below and the bark of dogs baying at the pale moon above ! Boys, can you picture to yourself a more destitute condition than this ? In his autobiography, Hutton said "It is not easy to imagine a human being in a more distressed situation. My finances were nothing—a stranger to the world and the world to me ; no employ nor likely to procure any ; no food to eat or place to rest ; all the little property, I had, taken from me ; nay, even hope that last and constant friend of the unfortunate forsook me."

Hutton continued his journey from Birmingham to Derby and from Derby to Nottingham. He managed to keep his body and soul together by playing on the bell-harp, by book-binding and so forth. *He read whatever books came in his way.* He was able to save a little money, and set out for London on foot. Not being used to walk, his feet got blistered with the first ten miles. He jogged on, however, for over fifty-one miles on foot and arrived at London. He could not do there, as he was friendless ; returned to Nottingham, took a shop which he stocked with such few old books

as his slender means could afford. By his usual rigid economy he added to his savings, extended his business, began to purchase land, kept adding to it till he became a big land-owner.

Hutton had now wealth and leisure and started as an author. Amongst other books, he wrote "A History of the Roman Wall which crosses the island of Britain from the German Ocean to the Irish Sea describing its ancient appearance and present state." For the purpose of producing a correct work on the subject, Hutton at the age of 78 years took a journey of 600 miles on foot to explore the wall! He walked the whole 600 miles in one pair of shoes and scarcely made a hole in his stockings!!

63.—*A Crown of Glory.*

During the Commonwealth Period, Henry Vane was condemned to undergo the sentence of death. He went bravely to the scaffold, saying—"Ten thousand deaths rather than defile my conscience, the chastity and purity of which I value beyond all this world." Vane's greatest tribulation was on account of his wife whom he had to leave behind. When he saw her looking down upon him from the Tower window, he stood up in the cart, waved his hat, and cried: "To heaven my love!—to heaven!—and leave you in the storm." As he went his way, one in the crowd called out, "That

is the most glorious seat you ever sat on ;" to which he replied, " It is so, indeed !" and rejoiced exceedingly. Before being beheaded, Vane said, " Death is but a little word ; but 'tis a great work to die."

In the battle of Cressy in 1346, one Division of the English army was led by Edward, Prince of Wales (who was called Black Prince from the colour of his armour). He was so hard-pressed and hemmed in by the French on all sides, that a knight asked King Edward to send him aid. " No," said the king, " let the boy fight on, for if it please God, I wish that all the glory of the day be given to him." The Black Prince fought on, defeated and dispersed his assailants. When he came to meet his father, " Fair son," cried the King clasping him to his bosom, " continue your career. You have acted nobly and shown yourself worthy of me and the crown."

64.—*The enchanted Boar—A true legend of
Tantibandhu.*

The following account of a pig-sticking excursion is given by a member of the I.C.S., the better part of whose life was spent in the devoted service of this country.

Our Christmas party in 1871 was managed by Young Barrow, then assistant at Pabna. There were Wilson and W.—from Krishnugger,—Nolan from Serajunge and Tom Brae from Dhobrakole.

A fine boar answered to our first call. It had a bare half mile to run ; and though "deeply speared just at the outskirts of the next cover—the jungle round a large village—managed to get in before it was secured. We waited for the elephants and began to beat for it, an apparently interminable job. Nolan and W. were stationed near each other during this operation, when a herd-boy signalled to the former that there was a pig in the open plain. The plain in question was a type of a thousand such to be found in Pabna, containing the rice fields of the villages which, with their groves and jungles, shut in the horizon on all sides, while some water and rice stubble still remained in the central dip, forming in this instance a considerable marsh, called in Bengal and Orissa a "bil," or, Anglo-Indian, bheel. Sure enough, in a sort of island in the water, a large black object could be plainly discerned disporting itself, fully a mile away. Nolan cast a glance round to see if Brae was looking, and started towards the water's edge, and was almost at once joined by W.—who had begun with loud remonstrances against his unsportsmanlike behaviour. Arrived at the point nearest the pig, for such it was, Nolan dashed into the water, his gallant horse Squire splendidly exhibiting his powers as he carried his ponderous rider at a canter through the marsh, with the water dashing round and

over them like a shower-bath. At this apparition, the pig stopped his gambols, and, after staring fixedly at Nolan, began to make leisurely towards the edge, at a point not very far from where W. had drawn up to watch the event. As the boar bounded along amidst showers of spray, followed a few yards behind by Nolan and the Squire in the same fashion, the two moving bodies in the distance did not look at all unlike quarto and duodecimo editions of the same animal.

Meanwhile W. had galloped round the edge and joined Nolan just as the latter got to land, about fifty yards behind the boar, which now began to go a good deal faster towards the villages. A wide and deep drain, or rather canal between high banks, now intervened, and we arrived at the edge while the pig was swimming across it. Nolan plunged in, without hesitation and W. followed, both finding to their surprise that it was fordable. On surmounting the bank, the pig was found trotting on before them, and, after apparently a moment's reflection, he turned round and came in on Nolan who had pressed forward to close with him.

Nolan received him with a strong spear in the back, recovered his weapon, and galloped on. Instead of staying to meet W., who was close behind, the pig turned in pursuit of Nolan, and, while so doing, was overtaken by W., who left his spear standing straight up between its shoulders.

Both horsemen now drew up, and prepared as they thought, to despatch the pig at their leisure, after the

two severe stabs he had received. They counted without their host. It must be remembered that, so far, there had been no real run, nor had the pig ever been put to his speed. The dash through the water had been a mere preliminary canter—quite a freshener to him—and Nolan and the Squire were as fresh as when they had started. W., whose mare was an ungovernable beast, and who had the longest gallop, was alone a little blown for the time being.

I cannot tell whether it was Nolan or the boar who began the next charge, so equally eager were both for the fray. They met with a violent shock; Nolan's spear was shivered, and to W.'s great joy, his was jerked out of the pig's back, bent but unbroken. As the boar still pursued Nolan, he jumped off and picked it up, and prepared for his turn in the combat.

Little did he know what his part was to be. As soon as the boar became conscious of his proximity, it turned to charge, when W.'s mare suddenly stopped, and, with fore feet planted, head bent, and ears pricked stood fast as a rock, utterly mindless of her rider's spurs which he kept spasmodically driving into her flanks. The boar made straight for her chest, but, when about a spear's length off, she turned, and caught him fairly with her heels and knocked him over. She just turned to look at him and, as he came in again, again she kicked him over. The next time she did not deign to turn, and he had got in between her legs and cut her near the teats before she got rid of him. She then, smarting from the cut no doubt,

moved on, but all W.'s efforts were unable to make her face the boar, and he handed his spear to Nolan who was now disarmed.

In the next charge, Nolan was obliged to leave his spear firmly planted upright in the boar's back, leaving us both completely weaponless. But help was at hand. We had, by this time, nearly made the circuit of the water, and Wilson came riding slowly up, spear in hand, attended by a syce carrying two more. Wilson never hurried himself unduly. He and W., who had hunted much together, have killed each their pig at a single stroke. Nolan, a more powerful man than either, was better mounted too, and Wilson naturally thought that two such horsemen were quite able for one pig. He had witnessed the encounter between the boar and W.'s mare, and merely asked what it was all about. Nolan snatched a spear from the syce, and only responded that now, at all events, the brute would receive its 'coup-de-grace.'

Up to this point, Nolan and W. had kept it pretty well engaged, though at no time did it shew any particular interest in making off. Now, however, it began to move slowly towards the villages, when Nolan rode past it, wheeled, and came down right on it at the Squire's best speed. The boar met him at the 'pas-de-charge'—there was a tremendous concussion—it stopped quite still while Nolan's spear flew from his hand, and his horse carried him down to us. Wilson uttered an exclamation and rode after the pig, while Nolan sat stupidly on his horse, his right arm

hanging by his side, and asked me for water. I was afraid he was going to faint, and dismounted and held him. Two villagers who had been watching the combat, ran up. We got him some water, bound a wet cloth round his head, and with one of the natives leading his horse, and the other supporting him in the saddle, he was despatched to the tents about two miles away. He complained of great pain in his shoulder, and faintness, but could then say no more.

W. then picked up his spear and remounted. At first sight the spear appeared intact, but it was really shivered. Though butt and point still held together, the middle of the shaft had been split right through in four or five places, and it was useless.

On turning to Wilson, W. found him some 400 yards off in the act of taking a fresh spear from the syce, while the boar was entering the water, with *two* spears standing upright from its body. It could easily have gained the jungle, but chose the water instead, and had made more than one charge—receiving a stab each time from Wilson—while W. was engaged with Nolan.

And now ensued a most curious scene, of which W. was, for some time, the passive spectator. Wilson, with his fresh spear, advanced to the water's edge. The boar coolly came out to meet him, charged, received a stab and again retired into the marsh. This happened some three or four consecutive times. Though Wilson's grey was a perfectly staunch little horse, the two waving spear-shafts in the boar's body

were most embarrassing, while Wilson himself was anxious not to part with his last spear. At length they met for the last time. The boar seemed to hang for a moment at Wilson's girths, and, as they separated, the first thing noticed was a deep gash in the white horse's stifle, soon the flank and leg were crimsoned with blood, while the boar sullenly retired to the water, bearing planted in its back a *third* spear, the bright point of which protruded from its belly. Wilson coolly dismounted and led his horse towards the tents, followed by the syce and some natives. The scene showed the wide open plain, with the two mournful cavalcades slowly marching, at wide intervals, from their different points, to the distant tents—the boar in the water, and W. alone on the edge watching him.

W. gave a shout and the boar at once came out on him as it had on Wilson. W.'s mare, however, avoided the charge, and the pig, instead of returning to the water, pursued its course, making for some distant point known to itself, though it had plenty of cover much nearer than by the direction it took. It was moving at a fast trot, with W. following it behind, when it suddenly quickened its pace, and W. saw, to his horror, that it was making right for Nolan and his party, who had moved very slowly, and were now not more than a quarter of a mile off. What to do W. did not know. He knew the villagers would run the moment they saw it, and was afraid that Nolan would fall from his horse. They had not even a spear with them. He was afraid even to shout, so he rode

forward and provoked a charge ; but, as soon as the boar had frightened off his mare as before, it made steadily for Nolan. At this juncture unexpected aid supervened. The plain was covered with cows and calves, and for some time previous, they had clustered together in alarm at the appearance of the boar. They now formed themselves right in its path, in the two sides of a square, and it looked as if, in their close order,—the cows with their heads down and the calves behind them—they would bar the pig's progress. But, with a grunt and a snort, he moved right to where they were massed thickest—the three spears nodding threateningly over his back—and, as soon as he came close, they broke and scattered, and he passed through them.

This served to divert him from Nolan, for he now made for his original point, his course only being interrupted by his repeatedly turning to charge W., who, at one time, was able to strike the spears planted in his back with the broken shaft which he himself held, in the hope of knocking one of them out, but they were far too firmly planted. In this manner they proceeded till they reached the new road which was being made to Pabna. The boar stood for a moment at the edge of the excavation from which the earth had been taken, turned and surveyed W., and then seemed to fall in and disappear. A few moments afterwards he was scrambling up the other side, but now with only one spear shaft standing in his back ; he crossed the embankment and was hidden from view. On riding to the

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edge of the excavations, W. found that it was some six feet deep, and at the bottom lay two broken spear shafts. Whether the boar jumped in and fell, or fell in, he does not know. He took back his mare and jumped the excavation, and, on surmounting the crest of the road, was greeted by the following sight. A village with its out-lying jungle, lay about 400 yards on the other side, and along a path by the edge of it were proceeding an old woman laden with market produce, a young one carrying a basket on her head and a child on her hip, while another child hung on to her skirts; while our boar was making at a good canter for the whole party whose backs were towards him. Though at first speechless with horror, W. plunged forward with a shout, very nearly falling at the opposite excavation. The women screamed and ran. The boar came back at W., and then trotted into the jungle, and was lost to sight.

W. marked the place and rode straight to the tents. Nolan was in bed, his great arms and torso bare, being ministered to by the doctor with bandages and liniments, and suffering a great undefined pain all down his right arm and side. Wilson was moodily eating, for it was now past 3 P. M., and we had been engaged with his one boar since about 11 o'clock that morning. His grey horse was done for; it had sustained a cut some 12 inches long, no one could say how deep, for the flesh and tendons were protruding, and it was impossible to stop the bleeding, Wilson's and W.'s second horses had not yet arrived. So W. too, in deep

chagrin, had to sit down and eat the gloomy meal, being accompanied by Nolan's groans. After a short interval, however, and on the Doctor's assurance that he could sew up the gash in Wilson's horse, a start was made. This time W. rode the Squire, and was attended by a syce bearing six spears. Wilson took his breech-loader and a bag of shot and ball cartridges. Nothing had been heard of Brae and Barrow, and they were still beating for our first pig when Wilson left them to join Nolan and W.

The Tantibandhu covers need little description. They are almost invariably formed by the waste land in, among, or attached to the villages; or by the sites of tanks, or neglected gardens; and it was in one of the latter that our boar had taken refuge. It was a bamboo and mango plantation, choked with a thick undergrowth, close to the houses, and with the village paths running through it, the whole covering about 2 acres of ground. It was arranged that Wilson should go in and frighten out the pig with small shot, W. was to spear him outside.

W. had not long to wait before he heard a shot, followed by another, and then a third which was succeeded by a tremendous uproar and shouting. The fourth report was accompanied by the whizzing ring of an unmistakable bullet through the open; and W., not at all liking the turn the sport seemed likely to take, hailed loudly in remonstrance. In answer to his shouts, Wilson came running down a path, accompanied by some villagers, one of whom—a stout young fellow—

was bleeding plentifully from a gash in his haunch. Wilson had very speedily found the boar, and had fired twice without effect ; but on the third discharge, instead of making for the open it had come down and routed the party, driving Wilson up a tree and cutting one of the villagers. Wilson had then tried ball, but with no result, though he was certain he had hit. W. had his own opinion on this point. The pig had now taken up an impregnable position on the top of a mound, amongst some dense bamboo clumps, and it was hopeless to attempt to dislodge him.

W. had in those days, and deservedly, the reputation of being the very worst shot at a moving object, in all Bengal ; but he was supposed to make up for this by being very deadly with the rifle at a target. Wilson reminded him of this proficiency and asked him to go in and shoot the pig, as it was now late and we ran the risk of losing him altogether.

W. was easily prevailed upon. We had in those days adopted the practice of despatching pigs brought to bay in cover with our spears, on foot ; but neither the antecedents nor the position of this one, entrenched as he was, invited such a procedure. So W. took a steady pot shot at him at about 20 yards off.

The only effect was that, with almost a roar, the pig rushed from his eminence into the thickest part of the under-growth. Wilson and W. looked at each other silently. They soon found him again, and, securing themselves behind some bamboos, re-loaded, and W. fired.

This time his response was to charge down upon the party. Before W., always slow with a gun, had extricated it from the interlacing branches, Wilson had sprung up the bamboos, snatched it from his hand, and leaning down, fired the second barrel *au bout portant* into the boar's ear. The brute stopped a moment, and then, with another snort, turned and plunged into the jungle !

We walked slowly and silently back to the nearest house and sat down in the verandah. Wilson, always delicate, was almost done up. W. pulled out his pipe and lit it. But it was almost dark and, with the determination to do or die this time, we returned to the jungle ; Wilson with the gun, W. with his spear advanced to the charge, and the timorous natives behind. No signs of the boar were seen till we stumbled on his body, stark and stiff, extended on its side. He was pulled out to the cover's edge just as Barrow and Brae and French's and the nine elephants arrived to our assistance. Even then we could scarcely believe that he was dead.

He was an average-sized Pabna pig—they all run large—which our metropolitan friends might have made 38, but, by our reckoning, was 36 inches. But, if it went by size, as they say in Ireland, a cow might catch a hare. The largest and longest tusked pig I ever killed shewed no fight at all. From this one we extracted four spear heads, all planted in up to the wood. That which projected from his belly had gone outside the ribs—the others were deep in his back.

He had received some twenty stabs and at least two bullets, not to count the kicks from W.'s mare, and he was perfectly scarified with shot. We found that W.'s last discharge, which had provoked his final on-set, had been from a shot cartridge, put in by mistake for a ball one.

Nolan's arm, by the way, was found by the Civil Surgeon, though not for some days afterwards, to have been dislocated at the shoulder, and he was a long time getting over it. I believe a somewhat similar accident happened to a hard-riding barrister* and Tent Club member the same season.

Brae dealt out some mild reproaches to the three deserters, but Nolan's misfortunes prevented anything like harshness. And it turned out that Brae had shot his pig also. French and his brother were unable to dislodge it, and Brae had mounted an elephant to try himself. But, as the brute only ran backwards and forwards in the cover, in a moment of impatience he seized a gun, and, with too lucky a shot, laid it dead at the first fire.

We dined in deep dejection. After a whole day, two pigs shot! Nor could I help reflecting that at this rate, the expedition was likely to prove expensive. That is, one pig had cost us a whole day, one man, two horses, (for W.'s mare had been cut), and five good spears, and then had to be shot at last.

* The Hon'ble Sir G. H. P. Evans, K. C., I. E.

Just after dinner our friend* Judex turned up, in the most unexpected manner, from Calcutta. He had been asked to join us, but had steadily refused ; and then, finding the fit take him, had as suddenly come and worked his way across the 13 miles which intervened between us and the Railway station, on borrowed ponies, wheedled out of their owners by his inimitable faculty for making jokes in Bengali. He protested that nothing was further from his thoughts than riding, but, though he had brought neither boots or breeches, or even a spear, we found his spurs stowed away with his pipe and tobacco. But, though he was in highest spirits and in one of the most humorous of his variable moods, he failed to charm us from our despondency.

Such an impression did this boar's conduct make on W. that, next day, though mounted on that staunchest of pigstickers, Black Harry, and though he got away with a fine boar on excellent terms, he failed to touch him, and lost him, because some acacia trees and jungle and uneven ground would only admit of the animal's being speared anyhow, and not of his administering a disabling thrust. Had it been wounded at all, it would in all likelihood have been brought to bay and secured. Wilson, however, revived our courage by killing the next boar with a single spear. After that we only got two more, and tried our horses with pursuing

* Mr. R. M. Towers, I C S, Retired.

incessant sows, the relics of the victims of the Viceroy's party. I need scarcely add that, notwithstanding his protestations, Judex found his spurs come in very handy ; but all three spears on the second day tell to Wilson.

Such is the story of the Enchanted Boar. To realize his vitality it must be remembered that he sustained a fight for nearly six hours, including a rest which must have served to stiffen his wounds ; that, for the greater part of that time, he had four spear heads in his body, while he charged and fought and ran for two miles with the long leaded shafts of three of these heads quivering over his back

The Doctor succeeded so well in sewing up the wound in Wilson's horse that, six months afterwards, on his removal to Calcutta, I sold it for him for the money he had given for it.

65.—*The Fatherhood of God and the
Brotherhood of man.*

France rose against the tyranny which had long oppressed her. Her first efforts to obtain freedom were warmly greeted by nearly all Englishmen. The continental sovereigns, however, in dread of this revolution resolved to put it down by force of arms. Their invasion drove France to a courage of despair.

The French invaded Holland. England already alarmed by the spread of republican principles at home declared war against France. Napoleon Bonaparte resolved to retaliate and wrest India from England. As a first step to this, he sailed under escort from a French fleet to Alexandria and conquered Egypt. But Nelson the first of British seamen followed him and finding the French-ships, in battle array, in Aboukir Bay, resolved on an attack.

“The two first ships of the French line had been dismasted within a quarter of an hour after the commencement of the action, and the others had in that time suffered so severely that victory for the English was certain. The third, fourth and fifth were taken possession of at half-past eight. Meantime Nelson received a severe wound on the head from a piece of shot. Captain Berry caught him in his arms as he was falling. The great effusion of blood occasioned an apprehension that the wound was mortal. Nelson himself thought so. A large flap of the skin of the forehead, cut from the bone, had fallen over one eye; and the other being blind he was in total darkness. When he was carried down, the surgeon—in the ‘midst of a scene scarcely to be conceived by those who have never seen a cockpit in time of action, and the heroism which is displayed amid its horrors—with a natural and pardonable eagerness, quitted the poor fellow then under his hands, that he might instantly attend the Admiral. “No!” said Nelson, “*I will take my turn with my brave fellows.*” Nor would he suffer his own wound

to be examined till every man who had been previously wounded was properly attended to. Fully believing that the wound was mortal, and that he was about to die, as he had ever desired, in battle and victory, he called the Chaplain, and desired him to deliver what he supposed to be his dying remembrance to Lady Nelson. He then sent for Captain Lowis on board from the *Minotaur*, that he might thank him personally for the great assistance which he had rendered to the *Vanguard*; and ever mindful of those who deserved to be his friends, appointed Captain Hardy from the brig to the command of his own ship, Captain Berry having to go home with the news of the victory. When the surgeon came in due time to examine his wound (*for it was in vain to entreat him to let it be examined sooner*), the most anxious silence prevailed; and the joy of the wounded men and of the whole crew, when they heard that the hurt was merely superficial, gave Nelson deeper pleasure than the unexpected assurance that his life was not in danger. The surgeon requested, and as far as he could, ordered him, to remain quiet; but Nelson could not rest. He called for his Secretary, Mr. Campbell, to write the despatches. Campbell had himself been wounded; and was so affected at the blind and suffering state of the Admiral that he was unable to write. The Chaplain was then sent for; but before he came, Nelson, with his characteristic eagerness, took the pen, and contrived to trace a few words, marking his devout sense of the success which had already been obtained. He was now left alone; when suddenly a

cry was heard on the deck that the *Orient* was on fire. In the confusion he found his way up, unassisted and unnoticed and, to the astonishment of every one, appeared on the quarter-deck, where he immediately gave orders that the *boats should be sent to the relief of the enemy !!!*

It was soon after nine that the fire on board the *Orient* broke out. Brueys was dead: he had received *three wounds, yet would not leave his post*: a fourth cut him almost in two. He desired not to be carried below, but to be left to die upon deck. The flames soon mastered his ship. Her sides had just been painted; and the oil-jars and paint-buckets were lying on the poop. By the prodigious light of the conflagration the situation of the two fleets could now be perceived, the colours of both being clearly distinguishable. About ten O'clock the ship blew up, with a shock which was felt to the very bottom of every vessel. Many of her officers and men jumped overboard, some clinging to the spars and pieces of wreck with which the sea was strewn, others swimming to escape from the destruction which they momentarily dreaded. Some were picked up by the British boats; and some even in the heat and fury of the action were dragged into the lower parts of the nearest British ships by the British sailors. The greater part of her crew, however, stood the danger till the last, and continued to fire from the lower deck. This tremendous explosion was followed by a silence not less awful: the firing immediately ceased on both sides; and the first sound which broke the silence was

the dash of her shattered masts and yards, falling into the water, from the vast height to which they had been exploded. It is upon record that the battle between two armies was once broken off by an earthquake ; such an event would be felt like a miracle ; but no incident in war, produced by human means, has ever equalled the sublimity of this co-instantaneous pause and all its circumstances.

About seventy of the Orient's crew were saved by the *English* boats.

Small souls enquire, " Belongs this man
To our own race, or class or clan ?"
But larger-hearted men embrace
As brothers all the human race.

66.—*Mr. B.—of Colgong.*

The Colgong hill-house in the Bhagalpur District is a superb building. It is on a small hillock within a stone's throw of Colgong (Loopline station) and commands the scenery of the country round. The Ganges flows past the hillock and the green verdure of the valley below gives to the scene a most enchanting view. From the front of the hills, extends the estate of the present owner of the house. The house and the estate would be worth more than two lacs of rupees. How few of us, however, know the history of it. It is a gift from Mr. B—to an ancestor of the present

owner. That gentleman was Mr. B—'s Manager. He nursed the good old gentleman in his sick-bed and it so pleased Mr. B—that instead of bequeathing this vast estate to his own kith and kin at home, he made a gift of it to his servant. Can gratitude go further? Let us learn to be grateful from the examples set by some members of the domiciled community.

67.—Life in the crags.

"Ban Stainthal" or the valley of stone in Alsace in the North-East of France contains only two parishes. The parishioners were cut off from the rest of the world and were sunk in ignorance and poverty. Oberlin's field of work—nay of glory—lay here.

A clergyman Stouber by name, moved by their wretched condition, took charge of the Ban. Desirous of knowing the state of education in the district, he went to the principal school. It was a miserable hovel in a corner of which, lay a helpless old man on a truckle-bed and around him were a group of noisy boisterous and ragged children. An idea may be had of the state of things, from the following conversation of the clergyman with the old man.

"Are you the school-master, my good friend," said the clergyman.

"Yes, Sir."

"And what do you teach the children?"

"Nothing, Sir."

"Nothing! How is that?"

"Because" replied the old man, with genuine naivette, "I know nothing myself."

"Why, Sir, I had been taking care of the Waldbach pigs, and when I got too old and infirm for that employment, I was sent here to take care of the children!"

The school-masters were for the most part of this type—swine-herds and shepherds! The kind of scholars such school-masters were expected to turn out could be well imagined.

This kind-hearted clergyman tried hard for years to improve the lot of these men and then he was called elsewhere to a new sphere of duty. He looked for a pastor to succeed him in the Ban till he came to the city of Strasburg. He was there attracted by Oberlin's reputation to his lodgings.

Oberlin's lodgings were in a narrow dark lane. Stouber opened the door and the first thing that caught his eye was a small bed in a musty room covered with curtains made of brown paper!

The clergyman's attention was drawn to a little iron pan which he saw hanging above Oberlin's table. Asked, Oberlin replied "That is my kitchen." "I am accustomed every day to dine at home with my parents, and they give me a large piece of bread to carry back with me in my pocket. At 8 O'clock in the evening, I put my bread into that pan; and having sprinkled it with a little salt and water, I place my lamp beneath it and go on with my studies by the light of the same

lamp! By 10 or 11, I generally begin to feel hungry; my slice of bread is nicely cooked, and I relish it more than the choicest luxuries."

Such was the man upon whom the choice of the clergyman fell for the regeneration of the Ban. The choice was fully justified by subsequent events.

Oberlin at once hit upon the true cause of the poverty in the material condition of the parishioners and their moral degradation. It was because of their exclusiveness from the civilized world out-side. He very rightly thought that the remedy lay in the opening up of communication with the nearest town of Strasburg. To do this, it would be necessary to blast the rocks, to construct a solid wall of stone, to support a road for about two miles along the banks of a deep rapid hillstream and to build a bridge across it. He called the parishioners together and announced his project. "He was mad" they said: "They had thought for sometime past that there was something strange about the man and now they were sure Oberlin was a confirmed lunatic." "Oberlin was not however the man to be daunted." He set to work with the pickaxe himself, exclaiming "Let those who see the importance of the work put their shoulders to the wheel." The effect was electrical. The whole parish turned out and the enthusiasm of the parishioners knew no bounds. He appointed to each man his task. Rocks were undermined and blasted; torrents guided into channels; walls were raised to prevent landslip; a bridge was thrown on the river and when the parishioners saw what a

striking contrast their life presented to those of the people of Strasburg, the civilizing influences produced magical effect. The sterile wildness of the Ban was turned into a Garden of Eden. Oberlin started Infant schools under veteran educationists brought from Strasburg. Letters and arts flourished. Oberlin threw his heart and soul into his work and did his task well. He promoted the glory of God and good of mankind. He spent about 60 years amidst his parishioners and then passed away quietly in his eighty-seventh year into the bosom of his God and Father.

Here are three anecdotes taken from Oberlin's early life.

1. One day when crossing the market place he saw some rude boys rejoicing, because they had upset a basket of eggs which a poor woman had brought for sale, while she was weeping over the loss of her property. Oberlin, not at all frightened by the number of these youths, reproved them severely for their conduct. Begging the woman to wait, he ran home and quickly returning, poured into her hands the savings of many weeks, which repaid her for her loss.

2. He saw one day a police-officer ill-treating a poor crippled beggar. He pushed himself between the two, expressing loudly his indignation against such cruelty. The officer was about to lay hold of his childish accuser, when the by-standers threatened to complain against him, and he was obliged to release both the cripple and his young defender. Some days later, Oberlin, on entering a narrow street, saw this

police-officer approaching, "Shall I run away?" he said to himself. "No, I tried to help a poor cripple; God will help me," and he walked boldly past the police-officer.

3. As a boy, Oberlin showed a Christian spirit as well as courage. A young bully passing him in the street, knocked his hat from his head, at the same time calling him vile names. Some neighbours offered to punish the offender; but Oberlin quietly replaced his hat, and walked on without saying a word. This rude youth, happening to meet him again soon after, greeted in a friendly manner, not unmingled with self-reproach.

68.—*Pass-port.*

In the life of men, "Character is of more use than intellect." "The man of genius is not so much prized as the man of heart." Sheridan was a man of great intellectual powers but he possessed little of that reliableness of character which is a sure pass-port to the regard and confidence of men. Sheridan had to put up with insults from his own subordinates more than once in consequence. When Sheridan was manager of the Drury Lane Theatre, his own pantomimist, Delpini, pressed for arrears of his salary. Sheridan reminded Delpini of his station in life. "I know that, Mr. Sheridan", retorted Delpini, "but I know the difference between us as well. In birth, and education, you rank above me but in life and character I am beyond your reach."

69.—*The Champion of the oppressed.*

Mr. Morrison spoke of Sir Ashley Eden—"To commit mistakes, is the lot of all men and to make some enemies, the fate of every strong ruler. He did his duty. This may be safely said of him. He caused two blades of grass to grow where one grew before. He has increased happiness. He leaves behind him as legacies, peace and contentment, security of person and property, empty jails and full treasuries, light taxation, food and clothing cheap, trade advancing by leaps and bounds, wealth spread abroad, knowledge gradually covering the land, thousands rescued from preventible diseases and many millions more rendered safe from the horrors of famine." The people of Bengal voiced these sentiments, in meetings, held in Sir Ashley's honour.

In the words of Sir H. T. Prinsep, late a Judge of the High Court, Sir Ashley Eden was "the Champion of the oppressed (that is, the Indian emigrants to the Mauritius). He stood forth as the redressor of wrongs and was the means of securing liberty and freedom of action to the poorest classes of the community." Sir Ashley proved so great a terror to some of his own countrymen that one of them said, when the news of Sir Ashley having been appointed Lieutenant-Governor was received in Bengal,—*"The Devil has been let loose."*

The same speaker (Mr. Justice Prinsep) said that

he was Sub-Divisional Officer of Halisahar when Sir Ashley was Magistrate of the District (then Baraset). Sir Ashley gave Mr. Prinsep advice of "*unrestrained intercourse with the natives.*" Sir Ashley was hospitable too and he won the hearts of men "through their palates as their judgments." "It does not do for the greatest statesmen to neglect hospitality without running the risk of being unpopular."

In Sir Ashley's case, the saying of Lord Salisbury that "Indian civilians make good administrators but poor statesmen" was falsified. Sir Ashley was great—both as an administrator and as a statesman—because, for one thing, he freely threw himself into the company of those over whom he was called to rule.

Sir Ashley had his own satisfaction which springs up alone from the knowledge that the reign of a ruler is appreciated by the ruled.

At the unveiling ceremony of his statue, which was attended by all the gentries of Bengal—Hindus and Muhammadans—Sir Stuart Bayley, then Lieutenant-Governor, spoke in very high terms of Sir Ashley as the "Best Administrator," "A born leader of men" etc. When the terms of the speech were wired to London, one of Sir Ashley Eden's colleagues in the India Council remarked laughingly to Sir Ashley Eden, "Do you see what Bayley has been saying about you? You should be in perpetual blush!" "No" replied Eden; "what has he been saying?" "Why, Bayley says, you are the best and ablest Governor, Bengal ever had." "Is that all?" Said Sir Ashley, half in jest and half in

earnest. "Why, I knew that before well. Can't he say anything more original than that?"

Boys—virtue is its own reward. The pages of "Bengal under the Lieutenant-Governors" abound in such examples.

70.—*Laborious Days.*

David Livingstone is the greatest explorer of modern times. A very short account of his missionary labours, researches and mode of life in South Africa is given in a nutshell in one of his own letters. "Building, gardening, *cobbling*, doctoring, tinkering, carpentering, gun-mending, farriering, waggon-mending, preaching, schooling, lecturing on physics according to my means, besides a chair in divinity to a class of three, fill up my time. My wife made candles, soap, and clothes, and thus she had nearly attained to the indispensable accomplishments of a missionary family in Central Africa—the husband a jack-of-all-trades without doors, and the wife a maid-of-all-work within."

At Mabotsa, Livingstone built his house with his own hands and set to work amongst the Bakatlas. The Bakatlas were troubled by lions which leaped into their cattle-pens by night and destroyed their cows. They once attacked the herds in open day and the Bakatlas could not drive them away. Livingstone had an encounter with a lion, in his attempt to free the tribe, from their dreadful neighbours. He gives the following account. It tells its own tale of bravery.

"It is well-known that if one in a troop of lions is killed, the remainder leave that part of the country. The next time, therefore, the herds were attacked, I went with the people to encourage them to rid themselves of the annoyance by destroying one of the marauders. We found the animals on a small hill covered with trees. The men formed round it in a circle, and gradually closed up as they advanced. Being below, on the plain, with a native school-master named Maba'lwe, I saw one of the lions sitting on a piece of rock within the ring. Maba'lwe fired at him, and the ball hit the rock on which the animal was sitting. He bit at the spot struck, as a dog does at a stick or stone thrown at him; and then leaping away, broke through the circle and escaped unhurt. If the Bakatla had acted, according to the custom of the country, they would have speared him in his attempt to get out, but they were afraid to attack him. When the circle was reformed, we saw two other lions in it, but dared not fire lest we should shoot some of the people. The beasts burst through the line, and, as it was evident, the men could not be prevailed on to face their foes, we bent our footsteps towards the village. In going round the end of the hill, I saw a lion sitting on a piece of rock, about 30 yards off, with a little bush in front of him. I took a good aim at him through the bush, and fired both barrels into it. The men called out, "He is shot, he is shot"! Others cried, "He has been shot by another man too; let us go to him! I saw the lion's tail erected in anger, and, turning

to the people, said, "Stop a little till I load again ! When in the act of ramming down the bullets I heard a shout, and, looking half round, I saw the lion in the act of springing upon me. He caught me by the shoulder, and we both came to the ground together. Growling horribly, he shook me as a terrier dog does a rat. The shock produced a stupor similar to that which seems to be felt by a mouse after the first grip of the cat. It caused a sort of dreaminess, in which there was no sense of pain nor feeling of terror, though I was quite conscious of all that was happening. It was like what patients partially under the influence of chloroform describe—they see the operation, but do not feel the knife. This placidity is probably produced in all animals killed by the carnivora ; and if so, is a merciful provision of the creator for lessening the pain of death. As he had one paw on the back of my head, I turned round to relieve myself of the weight, and saw his eyes directed to Maba'lwe, who was aiming at him from a distance of ten or fifteen yards. His gun, which was a flint one, missed fire in both barrels. The animal immediately left me to attack him, and bite his thigh. Another man, whose life I had saved after he had been tossed by a buffalo, attempted to spear the lion, upon which he turned from Maba'lwe and seized this fresh foe by the shoulder. At that moment, the bullets the beast had received took effect, and he fell down dead. The whole was the work of a few moments, and must have been his paroxysm of dying rage. In order to take out the

charm from him, the Bakatla on the following day made a huge bonfire over the carcase, which was declared to be the largest ever seen. Besides crunching the bone into splinters, eleven of his teeth had penetrated the upper part of my arm. The bite of a lion resembles a gun-shot wound. It is generally followed by a great deal of sloughing and discharge and ever afterwards pains are felt periodically in the part. I had on, a tartan jacket, which I believe wiped off the virus from the teeth that pierced the flesh, for my two companions in the affray have both suffered from the usual pains, while I have escaped with only the inconvenience of a false joint in my limb. The wound of the man who was bit in the shoulder actually burst forth afresh, on the same month of the following year. This curious point deserves the attention of enquirers."

71.—*Duty versus Death.*

At the remote village of Eyam] in Derbyshire, a tailor received a box of clothes from London. While airing them at a fire, he was seized with sickness and died of plague on the fourth day. The disease spread. Sending away his children, Mr. Mompesson determined to isolate the village, so that the plague should not extend into the surrounding districts. In order not to bring the people together in the charge, he held the services in the open air. He chose a rock in the

valley for his reading-desk, and the people arranged themselves on the green slope opposite, so that he was clearly heard.

The ravages of the plague continued for 7 months. The congregation became less and less each time it met. The Rector and his wife were constantly among the sick, tending, nursing and feeding them. At length the wife sickened with plague and in her weak state she rapidly sank. She was buried; and the Rector said over her grave, as he had done over so many of his parishoners.—“Blessed are the dead who die in the Lord; even so saith the spirit; for they rest from their labours.” The Rector was ready to die, but he lived on in hope. Four-fifths of the inhabitants died and were interred in a healthy hill above the village. “I may truly say,” he said in a letter, “that our town has become a Golgotha, a place of skulls. There have been 76 families visited within my parish, out of which died 295 persons.” Mr. Mompesson himself lived to a good old age. He was offered the Deanery of Lincoln, but he declined it. He preferred to remain amongst his parishoners, and near the grave of his beloved wife.

As related above, the plague was a frightful disease. About three centuries ago, the plague broke out in the city of Milan. Cardinal Charles Borromes, the Archbishop, was then (1576) staying at Lodi. He at once volunteered to go to the infected place. His clergy advised him to remain where he was; and to wait until the disease had exhausted itself. He answered, “No! A bishop, whose duty it is to give his life for his flock

cannot abandon them in their time of peril." "Yes," they replied,—“to stand by them is the higher course ?” “Well,” he said, “is it not a bishop’s duty to take the higher course ?” And he went to Milan. The plague lasted about four months. And it was not until the last man died, and the last man recovered, that the good Archbishop returned to his episcopal duties.

72.—*Vanity of human wishes.*

What we call “keeping up appearances” is a glaring sham and a hollow fraud. We should not pretend to be what we are not. That would be demoralizing in the highest degree. If we are living beyond our means, we are living a lie ; we are pretending, acting, deceiving the world at large, at every step of our life.

How often have our countrymen brought ruin upon themselves by celebrating marriage and *Shrad* ceremonies on a scale “befitting” as they are vain enough to think, “their position.” If you run into debt in consequence, as you must and your properties come under the auctioneer’s hammer, the high opinion of your “deeds” (“extravagance” would be the more appropriate expression) amongst your neighbours will be but poor consolation to you. When your properties will thus be slipping away from you, these very neighbours of yours who lauded you to the skies and plunged you into debts, will be the first to laugh in their sleeves, significantly nod and wink at each other

and say to themselves that they had thought *even then* that Paltu Babu was sure, at that rate, to bring ruin upon himself and come to this miserable pass.

Boys, do not be led away by what others may be thinking of you, so long as you are securely moored to the sheet-anchor of your own conscience. The world is full of false friends and flatterers and it is so difficult to please people. The only safest course for you in life is to do what you think right and what your means permit, utterly regardless of the cheap comments that your reckless neighbours may choose to pass on you.

“Neither a borrower nor a lender be ;
For loan oft loses both itself and friend
And borrowing dulls the edge of husbandry ”

73 —“ *The idol of a nation.*”

Mr. S.—was Collector of Hugli. As he was riding past a temple, he heard a great noise coming from it. He had a peep into it and saw people merry-making. He went his way but the devotees seeing their good Collector asked him to pay a visit which he did. There they garlanded him and the priests poured their blessings on him in the oriental fashion for his kind and sympathetic administration of the district. The temple was an old one and in ruins. Mr. S.—was so truly pleased with the reception that he repaired it and presented a brilliant hanging lamp, &c., all of which

cost him a very large sum of money. It will be endless to enumerate the many good acts of Mr. S.—and his wonderful devotion to duty. One is deserving of mention. In a famine year, he was seen to pass anxious and sleepless nights. It was entirely due to his devotion to duty and solicitude for the people entrusted to his care that no “man” “woman” or “child” died. Mr. S.—was one day passing through a crowd of people whom he had just saved from death. He was hailed with loud shouts of “long live S—Saheb.” It was a touching scene—a sight for the gods. We are not an ungrateful people upon whom kindness is lost or thrown away.

Mr. S's services at Dacca and Bhagalpur endeared the people of those places so much to him that they erected memoriałs to him, long after he had left the districts. There are dearer and more enduring memories still which the name of S.—rouses in grateful hearts, and many are the silent prayers that go up to heaven for the happiness of him whose one aim in life is to make those around him, happy and contented.

74.—*The reward of hospitality.*

The Czar Ivan, who reigned over Russia about the middle of the sixteenth century, often went out disguised in order to satisfy his own mind as to the condition of his subjects.

One day, in a solitary walk, near Moscow, he

entered a small village, and pretending to be overcome by fatigue, implored relief from several of the inhabitants. His dress was ragged, his appearance mean; but what ought to have excited the compassion of the villagers, and ensured a kind reception, produced a refusal. Full of indignation at such inhuman treatment, he was just going to leave the place, when he noticed another dwelling to which he had not yet applied for assistance. It was the poorest cottage in the village. The Emperor hastened to this, and knocked at the door. A peasant opened it, and asked him what he wanted "I am almost dying of fatigue and hunger," answered the Czar; "Can you give me a night's lodging?" "Alas!" said the peasant, "you will have but poor fare, you have come at an unlucky time—for my wife is ill; but come in, come in, you will at least be sheltered from the cold, and what we have, you shall be welcome to." The peasant then led the Czar into a little room full of children; in a cradle were two infants sleeping soundly. A girl, three years old, was sleeping on a rug near the cradle. "Stay here," said the peasant to the Emperor, "I will go and get something for your supper." He went out, and soon returned with some black bread, eggs, and honey. "You see all I can give you," said the peasant "partake of it with my children; I must go and nurse my wife." "The good peasant then went to his wife, and shortly returned, bringing with him a baby, who was to be christened on the morrow. The Emperor took the infant in his arms, saying, "I know, from the appearance of this child, that he will be

fortunate." The peasant smiled at the prophecy ; and at that instant, the two eldest girls came to kiss baby before going to bed, and their grandmother came also to take him back. The little ones followed her, and the host, himself lying down upon his bed of straw, invited the stranger to do the same. In a moment the peasant was in a sound and peaceful sleep.

The peasant awoke at break of day, and his guest, on taking leave of him, said "I must return to Moscow, my friend : I am acquainted there with a very benevolent man, to whom I shall take care to mention your kind treatment of me. I can prevail upon him to stand Godfather to your child. Promise me, therefore, that you will wait for me, that I may be present at the Christening ; I will be back in three hours at the latest." The peasant did not think much of this mighty promise ; but in the good nature of his heart, he consented to the stranger's request.

The Czar went away ; the three hours were soon gone, and nobody appeared. The peasant, therefore, as well as his family, were preparing to carry the child to church ; but as he was about to leave his cottage, he heard on a sudden, the trampling of horses and the rattling of many carriages. He knew the imperial guards and instantly called his family to come and see the Emperor go by. They all ran out in a hurry, and stood before their door.

The horses, men and carriages soon formed a half circle, and the state carriage of the Czar stopped opposite the peasant's door. The carriage-door was

opened, the Czar alighted ; and advancing to his host, thus addressed him " I have come to fulfil my promise ; give me your child, and follow me to the church." The peasant stood like a statue, looking at the Emperor with astonishment. In all this pomp and show, he could not discover the poor stranger, who had lain all night with him on the straw.

The Emperor for some moments silently enjoyed his perplexity, and then said : " Yesterday you performed the duties of humanity ; to-day I have come to discharge the most delightful duty of a Sovereign—that of rewarding virtue. Your child shall become my ward ; for you may remember," continued the Emperor, smiling, " I predicted he would be fortunate."

The good peasant now understood the case ; with tears in his eyes, he ran instantly to fetch the child, brought him to the Emperor, and laid him respectfully at his feet. The excellent Sovereign took the child in his arms, and carried him to the church.

The Czar faithfully kept his promise. He caused the boy to be educated in his palace, provided amply for his further settlement in life, and continued ever after to heap kindnesses on the virtuous peasant and his family.

75.—*Large-heartedness.*

The late Mr. Gladstone was generous and forgiving even to the bitterest of his political opponents. Mr. Austin Chamberlain, son of Mr. Joseph Chamberlain,

made a speech in Parliament in opposition to some policy of Mr. Gladstone, who was still Prime Minister. When Mr. Gladstone's turn came for a reply, the elder Chamberlain leaned forward in his seat with a look of something like eager expectancy. Mr. Gladstone bestowed, the highest praise on young Chamberlain's speech. It was an agreeable surprise to the elder Chamberlain who was deeply touched by this rare piece of breadth of mind on the part of Gladstone.

During the fiercest struggles of the Irish party in the days of obstruction, an Irish Doctor was thrown into prison as a suspect. He held employments under Medical boards which he lost by being cast into prison. When the prisoner was released, he was restored to his public appointments by Mr. Gladstone, much against the protest of his Irish Secretary, Mr. Forester.

With us, difference of opinion generally degenerates into a personal quarrel. Do we not sometimes seek and thirst for revenge on our opponents merely because they happen to hold opinions and views different from ours? What a spectacle do some of our outlying Municipalities and Boards present to the world! Let us profit by the above examples.

76 — "*Toll for the brave.*"

During the Crimean War, the English army was posted at Balaclava, on the sea-shore, for the convenience of getting their supplies by sea. An order was sent to Lord Cardigan, who commanded the Light Brigade,

to charge the Russians and retake the guns, which they had captured. He misunderstood the order, and thought that Lord Rangan meant the Light Brigade to charge the Russian army. The officers of the Light Brigade felt sure that there must be some mistake, but they would not set an example of disobedience, and *the charge was executed according to the order, believed to have been given!* The French General, Bosquet, who was looking on, said, "It is magnificent, but it is not war." Of the 607 men who had charged, only 198 came back alive!

Tennyson, describing this in "The Charge of the Light Brigade," says

" Half a league,
Half a league,
Half a league,
 Onward ;
Into the valley of death,
Rode the six hundred,
 Volley'd and thundered."

77.—*A Lancashire Miner's Heroism.*

An act of conspicuous bravery in a Pendlebury Colliery, Lancashire, has been brought to notice by Mr. G. H. Winstanley, Lecturer in Mining at Manchester University. He narrates that in the Dow Mines, at the Pendlebury Colliery, two men were

buried under a heavy fall of roof. The work of rescue was attended with considerable danger, as further falls occurred almost continuously while efforts were being made to release the two men from their perilous position. One of the men was set free in little more than a quarter of an hour, but the other could not be liberated for more than an hour. From time to time, the rescuers were driven back by further falls of stone, but one man - Robert Battersby—remained and deliberately placed himself in such a position that his own body received the stones which otherwise would have fallen on the upturned face of the man who was pinned upon his back. Needless to say, Battersby himself was injured in his gallant and successful endeavour to save his fellow-workman. There is little doubt that had the stones fallen upon the man's face, he would have met with a terrible death. "Those who are unacquainted with the dangers of Coal-mining, (Mr. Winstanley adds) can have no conception of the standard of courage necessary to act as Battersby did. To remain in the neighbourhood of a 'weighting' and falling roof is to face, very closely, a cruel and awful death. Yet this man Battersby fully alive to the fact that at any moment a larger mass of stone might overwhelm and mangle him, remained firm in the position he had taken up, protecting the face of his helpless comrade from the falling stones until the work of rescue was complete ! Such acts of heroism in the mine, too easily escape the knowledge of the upper circles of society, but since His late Majesty has

established the "King Edward Medal" especially as a means of recognising conspicuous bravery in the mine, it is to be hoped that the case of Robert Battersby will not be overlooked.

78.—*"Coming events cast their shadows."*

"Nor heaven nor earth have been at peace to-night ;
Thrice hath Calpurnia in her sleep cried out,
' Help, ho ! they murther Cæsar !'"

Brutus—How ill this taper burns ! Ha ! who comes here ?

Ghost—Thy evil spirit, Brutus.

Brutus—Why com'st thou ?

Ghost—To tell thee thou shalt see me at Philippi.

Brutus—Well ; then I shall see thee again ?

Ghost—Ay, at Philippi.

[Ghost vanishes.]

During the Mutiny, the Raja of Banpur made a most determined stand at a village called Barodia in Central India. Sir Hugh Rose attacked him at once after a forced march. Among the officers killed on the British side was Captain Neville, R.E., who was hit by a round shot as he was speaking to the General (Sir Hugh Rose).

Captain Neville was 70 times in the trenches before

Sebastopol *without being touched*. He had passed the previous night in writing a letter to his mother, expressing *the certainty* he felt of death in this action at Barodia ; yet he pressed Sir Hugh Rose with much earnestness to let him act as his A. D. C. ! Such was Captain Neville's sense of duty !! Such was his zeal for serving the cause of his country !!!

Captain Neville had the presentiment of his approaching end. We are all predestined according to the inexorable law of our *Karma*. There is a Mind behind matter. There is the Hand that guides the destinies of men and nations. "There is Divinity even in the fall of a sparrow." Oceans roll below. The stars shine above. The planets move, each in its own prescribed orbit. They clash not. We see the beauties of nature and as the Greek poets sang, we hear the "music of the spheres." It is, my boys, the reign of Law all over, in the Dominion of the King of all kings. Is it not absurd to say that there is law and order in the visible material world but all chaos and confusion in the unseen moral world ? Surely, the analogy is not pushed too far when it is claimed for virtue that as sure as night follows day and effects their causes, so shall our bad acts bring their own punishment and good acts their own rewards.

" Father of all ! in ev'ry age,
In ev'ry clime adored,
By Saint, by Savage and by Sage,
Jehova, Jove or Lord.

Thou Great First Cause, least understood.
Who all my sense confined
To know but this, that Thou art good,
And that myself am blind ;

Yet gave me in this dark estate,
To see the good from ill ;
And binding Nature Fast in Fate,
Left free the human will."

79.—*Sir Edward Law.—The late Law Member
of His Excellency's Council.*

The English press published numerous "appreciations" of the late Sir Edward Law. That which appeared in the *Times* was the finest we have come across. General Sir Henry Brackenbury contributes a personal appreciation in the course of which he pays a warm tribute to Sir Edward's high sense of duty to his employers, whether private individuals or the State. "He never deviated from the path of duty, reckless of his personal interests." A few days before his death, Sir Edward showed General Brackenbury a letter from a rich and influential friend, enclosing a large cheque, as a recognition of services, incidentally rendered to him. "I shall return the cheque," said Sir Edward. "I was not working for him. I was working because it was my duty." This was shortly before his death. An earlier reminiscence is furnished by another correspondent :

Some thirty years ago, having left India and the Army, he obtained a very remunerative post with a leading English house of business in St. Petersburg. His employers were well satisfied with him and had no thought of changes. He was himself, at the time, absolutely without other resources or prospects. But he came to the conclusion that the services he could render were not worth the large salary assigned. He threw up his position and set out, almost penniless, to find other employment !

So.—Laying down life for a principle.

During the reign of Henry VIII, many men suffered as traitors for conscience' sake. One of the first was Henry's friend and councillor, Sir Thomas More. He was much respected for his upright, simple and honest character. He refused to take the oath of Supremacy, which would declare his belief in the religious validity of the divorce of Katherine, and was thrown into the Tower and condemned to a traitor's death. He was cheerful to the last moment of his life. As he walked upstairs to the scaffold, the wooden ladder trembled. "See me safe up," he said, "in my coming down, I can shift for myself." When he laid his head on the block, he requested a moment's delay to remove his beard out of the way of the axe saying, "Pity, that should be cut ; that has not committed treason."

During the reign of Mary Stuart, the Protestants were severely persecuted. Of these, the most famous

were Ridley and Latimer. They were burnt together at Oxford. The latter, an old man of eighty, tried his best to encourage Ridley, who was rather depressed. "Play the man, Master Ridley," said he from amidst the flames, "we shall this day light such a candle in England, as I trust shall never be put out."

81 —Generosity—Incidents in the life of an I. C. S.

Mr. B. B.—I.C.S. had a favourite *Khansama*. The *Khansama* grew old in his service and retired from Mr. B. B.'s service. Mr. B. B.—appointed his only son in the *Khansama's* place. The son died. The *Khansama* had none now to support him. He wept bitterly over the loss of his son. Mr. B. B.—was moved very much. To make up for the loss, as far as possible, Mr. B. B.—began actually to visit now and then the *Khansama's* house and thus become a "son" to the good old *Khansama* and his wife, in every sense of the term. In Mr. B. B.'s affection, they forgot the loss of their only child and became happy again.

Mr. B. B.—now bears all the educational expenses of not less than a dozen boys. It costs him a very large sum every month.

Mr. B. B.—was Collector of Backergunge. Plague broke out in a village called Sidhakati. The villagers fled away leaving the plague-stricken behind them. Mr. B. B.—went into the village and saw two patients who were deserted by their own parents. They were utterly helpless and destitute. But what should I say

of the great and good Mr. B. B.—! He nursed them himself! One of them got well. The other died and then there was no one to burn him. Mr. B.B. is said to have carried the dead man on his back and burnt him !!!

Mr. B. B.—once ran over a kid with his bike and killed it. The old woman, whose kid it was, ran after Mr. B. B.—(not knowing that he was the Magistrate of the District) and threatened to complain against him to "*their B Sahab*" (the Magistrate of the District)! Mr. B. B.—paid her Rs. 10 and went biking merrily on. What faith even old women had, in the administration of justice by the just and kind Mr. B. B.—! Mr. B. B.—everywhere endeared himself to the people over whom he was called to rule. Such instances are, however, not rare amongst members of the Indian Civil Service.

82.—"*Admire and Adore.*"

During the reign of Elizabeth in the year 1585, a battle was fought at Zutphen, in which Sir Philip Sydney, a great Englishman—great as a writer, great as a soldier and great as a man—fell. As he was carried off from the field, mortally wounded, he asked for some water to quench his burning thirst. The water was brought to him, and, as he was just raising it to his lips, he saw a dying soldier wistfully looking at it. Untasted, he passed the cup to his dying comrade, saying "Thy need is greater than mine."

When mortally wounded in the battle of Aboukir,

Sir Ralph Abercromby was carried in a litter on board the 'Feudroyant'; and, to ease his pain, a soldier's blanket was placed under his head. It relieved him of his pain a good deal. He asked what it was. "It's only a soldier's blanket," was the reply. "Whose blanket is it?" Said he, half lifting himself up. "Only one of the men's." "I wish to know the name of the man whose blanket this is." "It is Duncan Roy's, of the 42nd, Sir Ralph." "Then see that Duncan Roy gets his blanket this very night." Even to ease his dying agony, the General would not deprive the private soldier of his blanket for one night only!

83.—*Determination.*

The first time, Dr. Young of London mounted a horse, he was accompanied by the grandson of Mr. Barlay of Ury, a distinguished equestrian. His companion having leaped a high fence, Young proceeded to follow his example but he was thrown off his horse in the attempt. He immediately remounted; made a second effort and was again unsuccessful. Most men would have been deterred from another venture; but not so Dr. Young and at the third trial, he had the satisfaction of clearing the fence.

The late Mr. Gladstone had a strong passion for riding. When he was Chancellor of the Exchequer, Mr. Gladstone was taking his usual ride in the Hyde Park on a very spirited animal. The horse plunged and reared, got off the ordinary track of riders and

bolted till it came along a spread of turf, divided by rails and gateways. The horse made for one of the little gateways and went straight over it. Mr. Gladstone was determined to have the better of it and no sooner the horse cleared the gate than the rider turned him round and put him back at the gate again. Again the horse topped it and again his master turned him back and made him go at it once more and surmount it yet another time. So it went on until the horse was tamed and Mr. Gladstone carried the day.

These are the early proofs which Gladstone gave of that indomitable will which always leads to success.

84.—An I C S dying for his Chuprasi.

A chuprasi of Mr. K.—District Magistrate of Midnapur, was bitten by a rabid dog. Mr. K.—forgetful of the risk he was running, at once applied his mouth to the wound and sucked out the poison. Shortly after, Mr. K.—showed symptoms of hydrophobia and had to go to Kasauli for treatment on one month's leave. He recovered in the end. The act was truly noble and its humanity is bound to affect all of us alike. It is these things which make us instinctively forget the differences that often divide one portion of the human race from another. Here was man serving his fellowman, forgetful of the *many* differences between them—in religion, in social position, in nationality, in short, in everything, except their common humanity.

How immensely would the world have been the better, the nobler and the happier, if man always remembered his divine origin and the tie of brotherhood that binds him to his fellowmen !

85.—*Humility and Courtesy.*

A story is told of a man speaking in a fit of rage to an Englishman, who had risen to a high position, "Do you remember the days when you were a mere drummer-boy?" "And did not I do the drumming well?" was the reply. It produced its effect on the man who got ashamed of himself. A similar answer was given by a member of parliament of humble parentage, to whom it was rudely said, "Did you not clean my father's shoes?" "True, Sir!" was the reply "and didn't I do the cleaning well?" It was well said. It tells us how to keep temper.

Truly, as Solomon said, "Soft answer turneth away wrath." Boys, be of good temper. There is nothing like humility. "Kind words awaken kind echoes." The world around us is a mirror in which a man may behold the reflection of himself. "To love" is "to be loved." If you behave rudely, to others, you get rudeness in return; civility brings its usual recompense. Humility, like all other virtue, is its own reward. It is as agreeable to him whom it adorns as to those who witness it.

Johnson had the good fortune to talk and be

talked to by the King. The King asked him one day if he was engaged in writing anything. Johnson said he had told the world, all he had to say and had done his part as a writer. "I should have thought so too," said the King, "if you had not written so well." "No, man," said Johnson, "ever paid a higher compliment ; and it was fit for a king to pay—it was decisive." When asked if he had replied, Johnson said, "No, Sir, when the King had said it was to be, it was not for me to bandy civilities with my sovereign."

Goldsmith remarked to Johnson, "Well, you acquitted yourself in this conversation better than I should have done, for I should have bowed and stammered through the whole of it."

Boys, learn to keep quiet and hold your tongue when your superiors or elders pass any remark good or bad—right or wrong. Courtesy and humility cost us nothing. It shows good breeding and wins hearts.

David Whitehead was an eminent divine of the 16th century. In the reign of Queen Elizabeth, he was offered the Archbishopric of Canterbury by the queen, but he declined to accept it excusing himself to the queen by saying that he could live plentifully by the preaching of the gospel without any preferment. He preached in various places where preaching was most wanted and earned his living. He remained a single man which pleased the queen greatly, who had always an antipathy against the married clergy. One day when Whitehead was at court, the queen said, "I like thee better, Whitehead, because thou livest unmarried."

"In truth, Madam," he replied, "I like you the worse for the same cause."

Whitehead sacrificed his good manners to ready wit. Boys, do not try to appear "clever" and "smart" at the cost of civility. How unfavourably does Whitehead compare with Johnson.

86.—"*The Philosopher's Stone.*"

In tact more than in talent lies the secret of success in life. "Talent is power; tact is skill. Talent is weight; tact is momentum. Talent knows *what* to do; tact knows *how* to do it. Talent makes a man respectable; makes him respected: Talent is wealth; tact is ready money. Tact makes friends; talent makes enemies. Tact is something which never offends nor excites jealousy, never provokes rivalry nor treads upon other people's toes." Tact is something more than good manners yet good manners enter largely into it. Talent is quickness of perception and tact is finish in execution. Men of the stamp of the philosopher, whose example is noted below, are bound to be failures in life as he seems to want both talent and tact.

The owner of a tan-yard set up a store in one of the main streets of London for the sale of leather and the purchase of raw hides. He hit upon the idea of boring an auger-hole through the door-post, and sticking a calf's tail into it with the bushy end projecting out of the hole, as a means of attracting the

notice of passers-by. Drawn by this very attractive sign-board, a grave-looking individual with spectacles on his nose and frowns on his eye-brows, stood gazing for hours at it, till the hide-dealer's curiosity was greatly excited in turn. He stepped out of his *godown* and the following conversation passed between them—"Good morning," said the store-keeper. "Morning!" said the other, still looking at the sign-board.

"You want to buy leather?"

"No"

"Do you want to sell hides?"

"No."

"Are you a farmer?"

"No"

"A merchant may be?"

"No".

"Do you follow any avocation?"

"Yes".

"May I know what it is?"

"No"

"You are a substantial man."

"Pretty"—Still gazing at the sign-board.

"Your occupation is better than mine?"

"Probably."

"What are you then?"

"I'm a philosopher. I have been standing here these three hours trying to make out how that calf got through that auger-hole!"

My boys, if you be like the astronomer in the fable, gazing at the stars above, you are sure to stumble in the pool of water below. Bear always in mind, Lord Lytton's weighty words :—

“There lives not a man on earth out of a lunatic asylum, who has not in him the power to do good. What can writers, haranguers, or speculators do more than that? Have you ever entered a cottage, ever travelled in a coach, ever talked with a peasant in the field or loitered with a mechanic at the town, and not found that each of these men had a talent you had not, knew something you knew not ! One most useless creature that ever yawned at a club or counted the vermin on his rags under the sun of Calabria, has no excuse for want of intellect. What men want, is not talent, it is *purpose* ; in other words not the power to achieve, but *the will to labour*”. That is the true “philosopher's stone,” my boys, whose touch turns everything into gold. Our late lamented Queen Victoria engaged a Hindustani *Munshi* when she was over 75 years of age, to learn *Hindustani* !

87.—*Early struggles of great men.*

The poverty of literary men and their early struggles for existence come painfully home to the mind when we think of, amongst others, the following poets and men of genius :—

Poet Gay danced attendance in the court of Queen Anne for bread. "The Beggar's Opera" which drew so loud a clamour of applause from men of such refined taste as the Duke of Argyle and which was such an unprecedented success at the stage, failed to secure any patronage from the court. All Gay's appeals, verses and flatteries, were thrown away. Gay ran from one publisher to another, till Rich came to his rescue and took up the publication. As was humourously said at the time, "It made Gay rich and Rich gay"! Gay could thus, with difficulty, pick up a living.

Like Gay, the author of the inimitable "Hudibras," pined in the cold shade of neglect of court. Butler's friend Wycherly lost no time and missed no opportunity to press Butler's claims to patronage upon the attention of the Duke of Buckingham. The Duke was at last prevailed upon to recommend Butler to Charles I. Mr. Wycherly, to keep him steady to his word, obtained of his grace to name a day, when he might introduce that modest and unfortunate poet to his new patron. At last, an appointment was made. Mr. Butler and his friend attended accordingly; the Duke joined them; but as ill-luck would have it, the door of the room where they sat, was open, and his grace, who had seated himself near it, observing a knight acquainted with him pass by, immediately quitted his engagement, though no one was better qualified than he, both in regard to his fortune and understanding, to protect starving authors. From that time to the day

of his death, poor Butler never found the least effect of his promise.

Goldsmith is supposed to have supported himself for a time by playing on his flute and sitting "in a garret writing for bread." Johnson used "to snuff up the scent of what he could not afford to eat."

Mr. Lloyd George of our own day writes of himself as follows :—

"My father was a poor school-master. He died when I was but two years old. He left a very small fortune to my mother and she had to make a hard struggle to bring up the fatherless family. Our bread was home-made. We scarcely ate fresh meat and I remember that our greatest luxury was half an egg for each child on Sunday mornings.

There was no opportunity of learning French in the village school and yet French was necessary. The way we got out of the difficulty was for my poor uncle and myself to sit together for hours and laboriously spell out of an old French dictionary and out of a grammar, the rudiments of the language.

I was articled to a solicitor. I had not money enough to buy my robes. In Wales, a solicitor¹ has to appear in robes before he gets audience, a thing unknown in the English law-courts in the case of solicitors. The robes cost three guineas and I had to wait till I had got one or two cases before I was able to meet this outlay."

Lloyd George soon made his mark in the fields of law and politics and he is now one of the "coming men."

It may be said of almost all the great men of the world that they rose from obscurity and poverty.

My boys, if you wish to be great, brave your early struggles manfully.

88.—“*On—to realms of glory.*”

Thomas Tomkins, a weaver by occupation, and an honest Christian, dwelling in Shoreditch, was kept in prison for six months, and treated with the utmost cruelty. So great was Bishop Bonner's rage against him that he beat him about the face, and plucked off a piece of his beard with his own hands, yet was Tomkins so imbued with God's mighty Spirit, and so constantly planted in the perfect knowledge of God's truth, that by no means could he be removed therefrom. On another occasion, Bonner, having a lighted taper in his hand, held the flame under Tomkin's hand, until the veins shrank, and the sinews burst ; but Tomkins never shrank, but grew more steadfast and immovable.

When he had been half a year in prison, he was brought with several others before Bishop Bonner in his consistory, to be examined. Against him, first was brought forth a certain bill or schedule subscribed with his own hand, the fifth day of the same month, containing the words following :—“ Thomas Tomkins of Shoreditch, and of the diocese of London, hath believed and doth believe, that in the sacrament of the altar, under the forms of bread and wine, there is not the

very blood and body of our Saviour Jesus Christ in substance, but only a token and remembrance thereof, the very body and blood of Christ being only in heaven and nowhere else. By me, Thomas Tomkins."

On this being read, he was asked, whether he did acknowledge the same subscription to be of his own hand. He said "Yes, it is mine."

The next day, Tomkins was again brought before the Bishop and his assistants, and pressed to recant his errors and return to the mother-church; but he maintained his fidelity, nor would he swerve in the least from the articles he had signed. Having, therefore, declared him an obstinate and damnable heretic, they delivered him up to the secular power and he was burned in Smithfield, March 6th, 1555, triumphing in the midst of flames, and adding to the noble company of martyrs, who had preceded him through the path of the fiery trial to the realms of immortal glory.

89. *I.C.S.—The good.*

Mr. H.—was Magistrate-Collector of Murshidabad. His goodness won the hearts of the people. While other places were thrown into commotion and passing through disorder, he kept his district peaceful by his tact and love of justice and sense of fair-play. As an instance of his goodness may be mentioned a little incident. He was passing through the hall where his clerks were seated. They were making great noise.

Instead of rebuking them, he passed through the hall with his hands upon his ears. One of the clerks saw the good Mr. H.—pass. Whisperings went round and instantly there was a pinfall silence. This is not the rule of the rod. But it shows pre-eminently how much better and more effective is the rule of love.

Business took Mr. H.—to Kandi. The business over, Mr. H.—and the Sub-Divisional Officer of Kandi parted. After clearing nine miles, the Sub-Divisional Officer's horse took fright and shied at some pigs ; he fell from it and broke his leg. Mr. H.—hearing of the sad accident, expressed great sorrow, and immediately returned from a distance of 7 miles over a most difficult part of the road, with no less than 4 troublesome fords, to see his Sub-Divisional Officer, as he lay in agony. As Mr. H.—stood by his bed, big tears were seen to roll down the cheeks of the Sub-Divisional Officer, in token of inexpressible gratitude. Kind treatment awakens loving response in grateful hearts.

The people of Murshidabad raised a memorial in recognition of the many good qualities of head and heart of their beloved Mr. H—.

*90.—Unequal combination always ends in the
ruin of the weaker party.*

For the weak, the powerless and the poor, the company of the strong, powerful and the wealthy is always very tempting ; but we should always be on

our guard against such unequal combinations as poor Addison's married life well illustrates.

Addison became first known to the lady, who became his wife since, by being tutor to her son. He formed the design of marrying that lady, from the time when he was taken into the family. His advances at first were slow and fearful but grew bolder as his reputation and influence spread. At last the lady was prevailed upon to marry him, on terms much like those on which a Turkish Princess is espoused, her father (the Sultan) addressing her :—" Daughter, I give thee this man for thy slave." The marriage, as was to be expected, was a failure. The lady remembered her own rank and considered herself entitled to treat with very little ceremony the late tutor of her son—her poor husband !

*91.—Scruples of Conscience.—Justice Versus
Prestige.*

In 1843 the late Mr. Gladstone obtained a place as President of the Board of Trade for the first time in the Cabinet during the ministry of Sir Robert Peel. Sir Robert Peel resolved to increase the grant to the College of Maynooth. It was a college intended exclusively for the education of Roman Catholics and Roman Catholic priests. The question came up to the Cabinet for decision. Mr. Gladstone could not make up his mind one way or the other. He would

not blindly support a measure, merely because he was a member of the Cabinet. His choice lay either in supporting the grant or resigning his place. Gladstone chose the latter course. He was "the coming man" but now all prospects seemed to vanish with his resignation. As Mr. Gladstone himself said, "Giving up what I highly prized, I felt myself open to the charge of wanting in deference to really great authorities and I could not but know that I should inevitably be regarded as fastidious and fanciful, fitter for a dreamer or possibly a school man than for the active purposes of public life "in a busy and moving age". Mr. Gladstone would sooner, however, bid adieu to all his prospects in life than act contrary to the dictates of his conscience. Lesser men would have been staggered at such a resignation which threatened to mar all his future prospects. But Mr. Gladstone persevered in the same conscientious course through life and rose to be the Prime Minister of England—the greatest Minister that England ever produced.

The British arms suffered many reverses in the earlier part of the wars with the Transvaal Republics. There were those who were strongly of opinion that England should not conclude peace with the Boers until some crushing defeat was inflicted on them. Gladstone on the contrary was of opinion that the British were wrong in attempting to annex the Transvaal Republic. He did not wait for victory after "massacring enough of the Boers to satisfy the heroic sense of honour," conceived by the mob. "He did not see

honour, or credit or glory or Christianity in any such performance." He asked of his heart and conscience what was the right thing to do. He incurred the displeasure of the public, but he cared not a straw for it. He knew, as every one else knew, that England had strength enough to crush the Republic into the dust ; but he believed that the true honour of England consisted in withdrawing at once from a position, which she ought never to have taken up ; and he did not believe in the glory of wanton human sacrifice to the idol of a false national pride !

"What shall it profit a man, if he gain the whole world and lose his own soul ?"

92.—*Fortune makes friends and adversity
tries them.*

Poet Cowper had many friends. They dropped off one by one as his circumstances grew worse.

Cowper wrote "The task." It was a masterpiece and Cowper's fame spread all over Europe. The interest of his relations revived in him. His long-forgotten friends vied with each other in renewing their old acquaintance with him. "Colman and Thurlow reopened their correspondence with him, Colman writing to him "like a brother". Disciples, young Mr. Rose, for instance, came to sit at his feet. Complimentary letters were sent to him, and poems submitted to his judgment. His portrait was taken by famous painters. Literary lion-hunters began to fix their eyes upon him. The

clerk of All Saints, Northampton, came over to ask him to write the verses, annually appended to the bill of mortality for that parish. Cowper suggested that there were several men of genius in Northampton, particularly Mr. Cox, the statuary, who, as everybody knew, was a first-rate maker of verses." "Alas!" replied the clerk, "I have heretofore borrowed help from him, but he is a gentleman of so much reading that the people of our town cannot understand him!" The compliment was irresistible, and for seven years the author of "The task" wrote the mortuary verses for All Saints, Northampton.

Boys, the world is full of false friends and flatterers. Nobody will stand by you, in your hour of need Unless you can stand on your own legs and make your own mark, there are few to help you. Well may we all recall the couplet to our mind:—

"Seven cities contend for Homer dead,
Through which the living Homer begged his bread."

93.—In the lap of death'

Doctor Salsdorf, Saxon Surgeon to Prince Christian, had his leg shattered by a shell at the beginning of the battle of Wagram. While laid on the ground he saw, about fifteen paces from him, M. de Kerbourg, the aide-de-camp, who, struck by a bullet, had fallen and was vomiting blood. The surgeon saw that the officer must speedily die unless promptly helped. He

summoned together all his powers, dragged himself along the ground until he approached the officer, bled him, and saved his life. De Kerbourg could not embrace his benefactor. The wounded doctor was removed to Vienna, but he was so much exhausted, that he only survived four days after the amputation of his leg! The doctor thought not of his own agonies but of his comrade's!

94.—“*Catching the Tartar.*”

Miss North, a servant girl at the Prince Alfred Inn, Dover, caught a thief by name John Cooper, by her pluck and presence of mind. She gave the following account of the capture.

“I was in the kitchen behind the bar this morning at 10 o'clock when I heard money jingling. I knew there was no one in charge of the bar at the time, so I went in to see what was happening. There I saw a tall man leaning over the counter with his hand in the till. I asked him what he wanted and he replied, ‘It’s all right. Give me two pints of beer.’ I called to the young man in charge of the bar who was upstairs at the time.

“The man then bolted out of the bar and ran towards East Cliff. I called my employer, telling him what had happened, and I then ran after the thief. He bolted along East Cliff, and I lost sight of him near the coast guard station. We were then a mile from the

house. I looked around, but could see nothing of him, as there were piles of chalk there, where the new work was going on.

"A coast guard told me he believed he had seen a man get into a large box on the works. The young man who had joined in the chase by this time had come up, and we opened one large tool box. There was no one there, but when I opened another, I saw a man crouching inside. He said, 'All right, let me go.' I said, 'No, you have a rest, and fastened down the lid and sat on it.' Soon my employer came up, with the police, and the man came out of the box and said he would go quietly. The fellow was six feet tall."

John Cooper got 3 weeks' hard labour for his deserts. The girl, who proved herself equal to the situation, was highly commended by the judge

95.—"*Yonder Hope beckons me on.*"

John Brown paid the penalty of his religious belief by his death. He was accused of heresy by Archbishop Warham. The Archbishop's messengers laid violent hands upon him, set him upon his own horse and binding his feet under the belly of the beast, carried him away to Canterbury. The Archbishop, finding him follow the doctrines of those who preached pure Christianity in opposition to popery and priest-craft, caused his bare feet to be set upon hot burning coals to make him deny his faith. Brown continued unshaken all the while his feet were charring.

At length after this cruelty, he was sent to his wife with orders that he should be burnt the next day.

His wife hastened to him and hearing that he was condemned to be burnt, the next morning, sat by him, all night long. Brown then narrated to his wife how his feet were burnt to the bones by the Archbishop of Canterbury to make him deny the Lord which he never did. For, as he said, "should I deny Him in this world, He would deny me hereafter. And therefore, I pray thee, good Elizabeth, continue as thou hast begun and bring up thy children virtuously in the fear of God." Next morning, this godly martyr was burnt. Standing at the stake, he uttered this prayer, holding up his hands :

"I yield, O Lord, unto thy grace,
O, let thy mercy crown my race.
Let not the fiend my soul pursue,
When death is near, and just in view ;
But while by envious foes I'm driven,
Save me from hell, and give me Heaven."

96. "*Slow rises worth by poverty depressed.*"

This is a line of Dr. Samuel Johnson and it applied to none with greater force than to Johnson himself. The history of men who had to earn their living with their pen, is a record of hardships endured and pinch of starvation felt. It is indeed a record of almost universal gloom, as can be well seen from amongst others, Boswell's biography of Johnson.

Johnson's father died, when Johnson was only 24. His whole immediate inheritance was twenty pounds. The wide wide world was before him. Where was he to turn for daily bread ?

Two years later, Johnson married a widow of forty-six who brought him a fortune of £800. With this amount, Johnson tried the life of a pedagogue at Edial, near Lichfield in Staffordshire. He signally failed in it, if a story as told of two pupils, be believed. After some months of instruction in English history, Johnson asked them who had destroyed the monasteries ? One of them gave no answer ; the other replied " Jesus Christ ! " Johnson wended his way in despair, to London to try his luck as a writer of tragedy. He was destitute and had to raise a loan of £5 to pay his bills of fare ! He would walk the streets all night with his friend Savage, when their combined funds could not pay for a lodging !! One night they perambulated St. James's Square, warming themselves by declaiming against Walpole !!! Johnson managed to eke out a living by translating for booksellers. The steps by which Johnson rose to fame and affluent circumstances are melancholy reading. In vain he sought patronage from the wealthy folks. They turned their back upon him and Johnson was left to shift for himself. The memory of these bitter early struggles tinged all Johnson's later writings and utterances. Even his witty sayings were not without their sting and sarcasm. The following quotations from his writings are in the highest degree amusing, instructive and interesting.

(i)

“After making great professions” Johnson said, “Lord Chesterfield had, for many years taken no notice of me ; but when my Dictionary was coming out, he fell a-scribbling in ‘The World’ about it.” Johnson thought fit to give the noble Lord a good hammering in the following letter, which was not published till it came out in Boswell’s Life of Johnson. “My Lord,—I have been lately informed by the proprietor of ‘The World’ that two papers, in which my Dictionary is recommended to the public, were written by your Lordship. To be so distinguished is an honour, which, being very little accustomed to favours from the great, I know not well how to receive, or in what terms to acknowledge

“When, upon some slight encouragement, I first visited your Lordship, I was overpowered, like the rest of the mankind, by the enchantment of your address, and could not forbear wishing that I might boast myself, *le vainqueur du vainqueur de la terre*—that I might obtain that regard for which I saw the world contending ; but I found my attendance so little encouraged that neither pride nor modesty would suffer me to continue it. When I had once addressed your Lordship in public, I had exhausted all the arts of pleasing which a retired and uncourtly scholar can possess. I had done all that I could ; and no man is well pleased to have his all neglected, be it ever so little.

“Seven years, my Lord, have now passed since I

waited in your outward rooms and was repulsed from your door ; during which time I have been pushing on my work through difficulties, of which it is useless to complain, and have brought it at last to the verge of publication, without one act of assistance, one word of encouragement, and one smile of favour. Such treatment I did not expect for I never had a patron before.

“ The shepherd in Virgil grew at last acquainted with Love, and found him a native of the rocks.

“ Is a patron, my Lord, one who looks with unconcern on a man struggling for life in the water, and when he has reached the ground, encumbers him with help ? The notice which you have been pleased to take of my labours, had it been early, had been kind ; but it has been delayed till I am indifferent and cannot enjoy it ; till I am solitary, and cannot impart it ; till I am known, and do not want it : I hope it is no very cynical asperity not to confess obligations where no benefit has been received, or to be unwilling that the public should consider me as owing that to a patron which Providence has enabled me to do for myself.

“ Having carried on my work thus far with so little obligation to any favourer of learning, I shall not be disappointed though I should conclude it, should less be possible, with less ; for I have been long wakened from that dream of hope in which I once boasted myself with so much exultation, my Lord,

“ Your Lordship’s most humble, most obedient servant,
Sam. Johnson.”

(ii)

Dr. Johnson had an aversion to everything Scotch. Once Strahan said in answer to some abusive remarks of Johnson about Scotland "Well, Sir, God made Scotland." "Certainly," replied Johnson, "but we must always remember that He made it for Scotchmen ; and comparisons are odious, Mr. Strahan, but God made hell."

(iii)

Boswell once remarked that we might respect a great player, "What ! Sir," exclaimed Johnson, a fellow who claps a hump upon his back and a lump on his leg and cries. "I am Richard III ?"

(iv)

Dr. Bathurst was one of Johnson's friends during the period of his early struggles. "Dear Bathurst," he said, "was a man to my very heart's content : he hated a fool and he hated a rogue and he hated a whig ; he was a very good hater."

(v)

The following passage gives Johnson's view of the hollowness of agitations, petitions and popular demonstrations :—

"The progress of a petition is well-known. An ejected placeman goes down, to his county or his borough, tells his friends of his inability to serve them and his constituents of the corruption of the Government. His friends readily understood that he who

can get nothing, will have nothing to give. They agree to proclaim a meeting. Meat and drink are plentifully provided, a crowd is easily brought together, and those who think that they know the reason of the meeting, undertake to tell those who know it not. Ale and clamour unite their powers ; the crowd, condensed and heated, begins to ferment with the leaven of sedition. All see a thousand evils, though they cannot show them and grow impatient for a remedy, though they know not what

“ A speech is then made by the Cicero of the day ; he says much and suppresses more, and credit is equally given to what he tells and what he conceals. The petition is heard and universally approved. Those who are sober enough to write, add their names, and the rest would sign it if they could.

“ Every man goes home and tells his neighbour of the glories of the day ; how he was consulted, and what he advised ; how he was invited into the great room, where his Lordship caressed him by his name , how he was caressed by Sir Francis, Sir Joseph and Sir George ; how he ate turtle and venison, and drank unanimity to the three brothers.

“ The poor loiterer, whose shop has confined him or whose wife had locked him up, hears the tale of luxury with envy, and at last inquires what was their petition. Of the petition, nothing is remembered by the narrator, but that it spoke much of fears and apprehensions and something very alarming, but that he is sure *it is against the Government.*

“ The other is convinced that it must be right, and wishes he had been there, for he loves wine and venison, and resolves as long as he lives to be against the Government

“ The petition is then handed from town to town, and from house to house ; and wherever it comes, the inhabitants flock together that they may see that which must be sent to the King. Names are easily collected. One man signs because he hates the papists ; another because he has vowed destruction to the turnpikes , one because it will vex the parson ; another because he owes his landlord nothing ; one because he is rich ; another because he is poor ; one to show that he is not afraid ; and another to show that he can write

Johnson rose from obscurity to be the “ literary dictator ”—a monarch in the domain of literature in his own time. In our own country, there is probably an even more brilliant example, in the late Pandit Iswar Chandra Vidyasagar, of “ worth ” rising to emmence “ by poverty depressed. The poorer amongst my dear young friends should take their inspiration from these noble examples.

97 —“ *Love me and leave me not.*”

Mr. M.—was Commissioner of the Rajshahi Division. Famine was acute in certain parts of Dinajpur—a District of that Division. Mr. M.—was passing through an affected village of Dinajpur. The sight of a child of five following its mother and crying “ Love me and

leave me not" attracted the attention of Mr. M—. He asked what the matter was and was told that the hunger-stricken mother was deserting her own child for she had nothing to feed it. Mr. M.—was so moved that he gave the mother a five-rupee note and promised to take care of them both. The mother's natural feelings returned to her and she took back the child. It is now years but Mr M —kept his word till the other day when he retired.

The people of this District erected a masonry building for a High English School and named it after Mr. M.—in grateful recollection of the many good acts and qualities of Mr M—.

98 —The world and its great men.

My young friends, your lot is cast in an ungrateful world. But do not flinch from duty. Do your duty without expectation of reward or recompense. Yours will be a higher reward than mortals can give—everlasting peace in the bosom of God—our Father.

Socrates was condemned to drink the hemlock at Athens in his 72nd year, because his lofty teachings ran counter to the prejudices and party-spirit of his age. Look at the ingratitude of men !

Cæsar and Napoleon established empires by fire and sword which have long crumbled away. But Jesus Christ founded his empire on love and to-day millions of men follow his faith ! The Saviour of mankind was crucified by them !

Galileo was thrown into prison because of his views as to the motion of the earth ! He was pursued even after death, the Pope refusing a tomb for his body ! !

Newton was accused of "dethroning the Deity" by his sublime discovery of the law of gravitation ! ! !

The sublime Buddhadev, who brought solace and salvation to one-third of the mankind was hooted in his own days with cries of "Bho" "Bho." But his courage did not fail him still. He preached his doctrine of "Maha Nirvana" (the merging of the human soul into the Divine) regardless of consequences

Wellington, like Washington, had to pay the penalty of his adherence to the cause he thought right, in his loss of "popularity." He was mobbed in the streets of London and had his windows smashed by the mob while his wife lay dead in the house ! It was he who had once saved England from national disgrace.

Sir Walter Scott was pelted at Worick by the people amidst cries of shame

When Darwin published his celebrated "Origin of the species," the envious and the jealous, as is the way of the world, fell foul on him. Huxley then wrote to him a cheering letter from which the following extract is given :—

"Depend upon it, you have earned the lasting gratitude of all thoughtful men. And as to the *curs which are barking and yelping at you*, you must recollect that some of your friends, at any rate, are endowed with an amount of combativeness (though you have often and justly rebuked it) may stand you in good stead.

I am sharpening up my claws and beak in readiness.

Looking back over my letter, it really expresses so feebly all I think about you and your noble book that I am half ashamed of it ; but you will understand that like the parrot in the story, I think the more."

The great Pandit Vidyasagar used to say that a man is your enemy in proportion to the good that you do him. But this experience did not prevent him from doing good to others.

The ideal of "Duty" was the governing principle in their lives. Nelson's famous watchword was "England expects every man to do his duty." My young friends, your countrymen expect the same thing from you and let your motto be "India expects every Indian to do his duty." Under the ægis of England, work steadily and loyally. It is the means which always justify and lead up to the wished-for end. Bad seed always brings a bad harvest.

99 — Briton and Indian—a march through life

The first condition of all progress is peace. There was no peace in the land before the days of British Rule. Dacoities and murder were the order of the day. We shudder to look back upon times not long ago when our grand-mothers and great-grand-mothers used to hold up the picture of bands of Mahratta free-booters

roaming over the land and dandle naughty babies into sleep, singing the proverbial lullaby --

*“ Chhele ghumalo, pada judalo ,
Barge clo Deshe ,
Bulbullecte Dhán Khevechhe ,
Khajna Debo Kishe ”*

When the unsettled nature of a country passes into a house-hold word amongst women-folk, the state of affairs can be better imagined than described. Thanks to British Rule, these are things of the past now and we seem to doubt if such a state of the country ever existed before. How far have we travelled in 150 years ! Look on that picture and this !

2. In the enjoyment of life, next to peace, come wealth and leisure. Overworked and undertaught, weary and care-worn, without peace and without leisure, no one can have any chance of making the best of his mental faculties. It is true that even the very poor may sometimes find solace in religion and comfort in family affections. Those who are better off are not shut out, however, from these enjoyments by reason of their wealth. The conditions which surround extreme poverty tend to deaden the higher faculties. Has the country grown in wealth during British Rule ?

3. The wages of labour have risen at least fourfold, owing mainly to the demands in tea, coffee, cinchona plantations, railways, collieries, mills, &c., which English capital has established. The wages of labourers were so

low before that they could hardly keep their body and soul together with their scanty earnings. Their position was no better than that of serfs.

4. The agricultural classes have benefited no less. Price has risen owing mainly to communications by rail, river, canal and roads, having been opened throughout the country. Before the days of British Rule, the agriculturists could not carry their produce to the best market of the world and had to be content with what price they could get from their neighbours and the result was a low, and if I may say so, a nominal price. It is a frequent complaint against Government with the poorer middle classes that rice sells now at 10 seers the rupee, whereas it sold for 1 maund per rupee before. I am afraid, it is not quite fair on our part to hold Government responsible for it. We forget that we had rice so cheap *then* only at the expense of our neighbours—the poor cultivators. We are laying at the door of Government what we ought to set down to the inexorable law of demand and supply. Look at what Government has been doing to ameliorate the hard lot of the poor agricultural classes. It has opened an agricultural department, established model farms, and training colleges, has been distributing the best seeds free of cost, opened vast works of irrigation and co-operative credit societies and agricultural banks. Government is ceaseless in its efforts to better our condition and if we only knew to take advantage of them, India would have been, by this time, the Garden of Eden in the east.

5. Cheap capital is necessary for carrying on agricultural operations at a profit. Government supplies it in many ways ; I take two here :—

(1) At the close of the year 1908-09, Government advanced at 5 to $6\frac{1}{2}$ per cent. interest, Rs. 2,52,87,872 for land improvement and Rs. 3,26,17,308 for the relief of agriculturists, *i.e.*, about 6 crores of Rupees ! Every year, this goes on more or less ! (2) It is beyond the resources of any Government to do banking for the 20 crores of the agricultural population of India. So Government is trying by all means in its power to found co-operative credit societies, *i.e.*, agencies by which capital at cheap rate of interest can be had. Here I should digress a little to explain what these co-operative societies mean and how Government has been benefiting us by honey-combing the country with these societies.

6. The lawyers, doctors, school-masters and all servants—public and private—do not add to the wealth of a country by their earnings. With them, wealth only changes hands. The lawyers get their money from their clients. They pay a portion of it to the school-masters by way of tuition fees. The public servants draw their pay from the State which is again drawn from the people. The doctors probably earn from them all. One class grows rich at the expense of another. The national wealth does not grow. It remains the same. It only passes from one hand to another. But if the cultivator can raise ten maunds of crops where 5 maunds grew before, the

wealth of the country is added to. But to make the same piece of land yield more produce, better seeds, better manures and probably better implements of husbandry are required. Where are they to get money for these? They have little money of their own and if they borrow money from money-lenders at a high rate of interest, all the extra produce of their lands is absorbed by the money-lenders. A margin of profit will remain to the cultivators, however, if the outturn be more than the interest they have to pay to the money-lenders. How then to induce the money-lender to lend money at a cheaper rate? The answer is, if his principal can be made more secure, as in a mortgage or as with Government securities or debentures. How to enhance the credit (the borrowing power) of the villagers with the village *mahajan*? If the villagers combine to give the security, they will get the money at a cheaper rate than if individuals were to borrow, for then, the money lent is more secure in the former case than in the latter. Such combinations or societies whose object it is to enhance or cheapen credit, are called co-operative credit societies. Those agriculturists who become members of these societies can borrow at a cheaper rate of interest from these societies and carry on their improvements. Government finances these societies very greatly and has thus been the means of enabling two blades of corn to grow, where one grew before. Government has been trying by all means in its power to add to the wealth of the country.

7. The middle classes rank above the agricultural

classes in the social scale and have benefited most by British Rule. Indeed, they are the products of English Education which has worked wonders in the land. They owe their origin to the policy of Government—fixing land-revenue in perpetuity with the Zemindars in Bengal and legalising sub-infeudation by them. The result was that the big Zemindars let out their lands to lessees and the object of Government was gained—there grew up the middle class. Look at the sacrifice Government made to bring into existence this class of men. The State demand was limited *for ever*, Government leaving all increments—"earned" and "unearned"—to be shared in by the Zemindars and the middle men! The object of Government in making this huge sacrifice was distinctly stated to be to create and rear up a middle class who should be loyal and faithful to itself and upon whom it could always count for support.

8. At the top of the ladder, come the Zemindars. To them in Bengal, it would be hardly much exaggeration to say, Government has made a gift of its conquest. It has hardly retained the "immemorial king's share" of the produce. They enjoy the "unearned increments" but Government reckons not. It pledged its word and nobly has it kept it. There is no Government under the sun which has done that. In Bengal, Government takes about 25 per cent. of the economic rental, leaving 75 per cent. to Zemindars and middle men! In other temporarily-settled areas, Government does not share in increments except those which have been brought about by "outlay of Government money such as great

public works canals and railways, &c., the expanding resources of the country and a higher standard of civilisation !”

9. In Bombay and Madras Ryotwari settlement is made for 30 years and Government is quite content with less than one-fifth of the produce of the soil ! These ryots again sublet their holdings. Enough is, therefore, left to the ryots or the holdings would not admit of a sub-lease. The holdings sell high too. In the Punjab and the United Provinces, settlement is made with the Zemindars for 20 and 30 years respectively, 50 per cent of the assets being left to the middle men ! In all settlements, the policy of the Government has been to leave a good margin of its profits (*i.e.*, dues) to middle men and cultivators. The result has been the accumulation of private capital in their hands and the growing wealth and prosperity of all grades of the land-owning classes.

10 Three elements enter into the production of agricultural wealth—land, labour and capital. The necessary charges are, therefore, rent, wages and interest. Government takes little rent ; wages have risen and Government comes in for its share of credit ; it is due to Government also that interest is cheapened and lowered. There is yet another class, however, who do not exactly come under the above categories. It is the trading class. The growth in the import of treasures tends to show that this class is growing richer day by day. For the 20 years ending 1901-02, India imported about 3 crores of $\frac{1}{2}$ tolas of gold valued at

Rs. 27 per tola and over 18 crores of tolas of silver. For the 7 years ending 1909-10, the net import of gold was over 150 crores of Rupees and silver about 107 crores of Rupees ! We pay for these imports mainly with our export of raw produce. It has a tendency no doubt to raise the price of all agricultural produce. But, in the first place, it affects only the landless class which is only a small fraction of the vast majority of agricultural population ; and secondly, the stimulus imparted to our productive activity brings more land under cultivation. The increased cultivation and produce tend partly to meet the demand and somewhat keep down prices. The still high prices show that our supply is not yet equal to the demand and that more energy should be thrown into bringing waste land under cultivation and yet more capital laid out in better manures, better seeds and better implements of husbandry to raise more produce. All the while, however, the national wealth is being added to. It is very often said even by educated men that we export "*solid*" goods—agricultural produce—for "*empty*" toys and trinkets. The precious metals, for one thing, are no mere toys. Are not imports and exports governed by the law of "*cheapness*" and "*convenience*," by the "*Rule of Give and Take* ?"—Give us all that we cannot get or produce well and cheap at home and take all to the markets of the world, that is more than for our purposes, *i.e.*, present needs ?

II. All classes of people have thus been sharing in the growing wealth of the country. There is, however,

a surer test of the growth of a country's wealth than these. It is the *excess* of the exports over imports. This is erroneously supposed to be the drain of the country's wealth. As with individuals, so with nations (which are only aggregates of individuals) no country exports more than she can spare, after keeping enough for home consumption. The excess of the exports over the imports is, therefore, at once the index and measure of the general prosperity and national wealth of a country. Our exports exceed by far our imports.

12. "At the beginning of the last century, before the English became the ruling power in India, the country did not produce £1,000,000 a year, of staples for exportation. During the first three quarters of a century of British rule, the exports slowly rose to about £10,000,000 in 1834. During the half century since that date, the old inland duties and other remaining restriction on Indian trade have been abolished. Exports have multiplied by eightfold. In 1880, India sold to foreign nations £66,000,000 worth and in 1884-85, upwards of £80,000,000 worth of strictly Indian produce which the Indian husbandman had raised, and for which he was paid. In 1880, the total foreign trade in India including both exports and imports exceeded £122,000,000. In 1884-85, the total foreign import and export trade of India, excluding treasure and Government stores, was over £136,000,000 or including treasure and Government stores, nearly £155,000,000.

13 India has more to sell to the world than she requires to buy from it. During the five years ending

1879, the staples which she exported, exceeded by an annual average of over £24,000,000, the merchandise which she imported. During the next five years ending 31st March 1884, the gross surplus of exports of merchandise over imports rose to 30 millions sterling per annum.

14. *About one-third* of this favourable balance of trade, India receives in hard cash. During the five years ending 1879, she accumulated silver and gold, exclusive of the exports at the rate of £7,000,000 per annum, and during the next five years ending March 1884, at the rate of £11,000,000 per annum. *With another third*, she pays interest at low rates for the capital, with which she has constructed the material frame-work of her industrial life—her railways, irrigation-works, cotton mills, coal mines, indigo factories, tea gardens, docks, steam navigation lines and debt. For that capital, she goes to the cheapest market in the world, London; and she remits the interest, not in cash, but in her own staples, which the borrowed capital has enabled her to bring cheaply to the sea-board. *With the remaining third* of her surplus exports, she pays the home charges of the Government to which she owes the peace and security that alone have rendered possible her industrial development.

15 The home charges include not only the salaries of the Supervising Staff in England and the pensions of the military and civil services, who have given their life's work to India, but the munitions of war, a section of the army, including the cost of its recruitment and

transport, stores of public works and the *material* for constructing and working the railways. That *material* can be bought more cheaply in England than in India and India's expenditure on good Government is as essential an item for her industrial development and repays her as high a profit, as the interest which she pays in England for the 'capital, with which she has constructed her dockyards and railways. But after paying for all the home charges, for the interest of capital raised in England for Indian railways and other reproductive works and for the *material* required for their construction and maintenance, *India has still a surplus of £11,000,000 from her export trade, for which she receives payment in silver and gold* '

16. A large external trade was an impossibility under the Mogul Emperors. Their capitals of Northern India—Agra and Delhi—lay more than a thousand miles from the river's mouth. But even the capitals of the sea-board provinces were chosen for military purposes with small regard for the commercial capabilities of the situation. Thus, in Lower Bengal, the Mahomedans under different dynasties fixed in succession on six towns as their capital. Each of these successive capitals was on a river bank, but not one of them possessed any foreign trade, nor indeed could have been approached by an old East India man. They were simply the court and camp of the King or the Viceroy for the time being. Colonies of skilful artisans settled round the palaces of the Nobles to supply the luxurious fabrics of Oriental life. After the prince and

court had in some new caprice abandoned the city, the artisans remained and a little settlement of weavers was often the sole surviving proof that the decaying town had once been a capital city. The exquisite muslins of Dacca and the soft silks of Murshidabad still bear witness to the days when these two places were successively the capitals of Bengal. The artisans worked in their own houses. The manufactures of India were essentially domestic industries, conducted by special castes, each member of which wove at his own hereditary loom and in his own village or homestead.

17. One of the earliest results of the British rule in India was the growth of great mercantile towns. British rule derived its origin from commerce ; and from the first, the East India Company's efforts were directed to creating centres for maritime trade. Other European nations, the Portuguese, the Dutch, the Danes and the French competed with the British as merchants and conquerors in India and each of them in turn attempted to found great seaports. The long Indian coast, both on the east and the west, is dotted with decaying villages which were once the busy scenes of those nations' early European trade. Of all their famous capitals in India, not one has now the commercial importance of Cardiff or Greenock and not one of them has a harbour which would admit at a low tide a ship drawing 20 feet.

18. The truth is, that it is far easier to pitch a camp and erect a palace, which, under the native

dynasties, was synonymous with founding a capital, than it is to create a centre of trade. Emporia of commerce must grow of themselves and cannot be called suddenly into existence by the fiat of the wisest autocrat. It is in this difficult enterprise, in which the Portuguese, the Dutch, the Danes and the French had successively failed, that the British in India have succeeded. They make their appearance in the long list of races who have ruled this splendid empire, not as temple-builders like the Hindoos, nor as palace and tomb-builders like the Musalmans, nor as fort-builders like the Mahrattas, nor as church-builders like the Portuguese ; but in the more common-place capacity of town-builders, as a nation that had the talent for selecting sites on which great commercial cities would grow up and who have in this way created a new industrial life for the Indian people.

19. Calcutta and Bombay, the two commercial capitals of India are the slow products of British rule. Formerly, the industries of India were essentially domestic manufactures, each man working at his hereditary occupation, at his own loom or at his own forge. Under the British rule, a new era of production has arisen in India—an era of production on a great scale, based upon the co-operation of capital and labour, in place of the small household manufactures of ancient times. To Englishmen, who have from youth grown up in the midst of a keen commercial civilisation, it is not easy to realize the change thus implied.

20. The great industrial cities of British India are

the type of this change. Under native rule, the country had reached what political economists of Mill's school call the "stationary stage of civilisation". The husbandmen simply raised the food-grains necessary to feed them, from one harvest to another. If the food-crops failed in any district, the local population had no capital and no other crops wherewith to buy food from other districts; so, in the natural and inevitable course of things they perished. Now, the peasants of India supplement their food-supply with more profitable crops than mere food-stuffs on which they live. They also raise an annual surplus of grain for exportation, which is available for India's own wants in time of need. Accordingly, there is much larger aggregate of capital in the country, that is to say, a much greater national reserve or staying power. The so-called stationary stage in India has disappeared and the Indian peasant is keenly alive to each new demand which the market of the world may make upon the industrial capabilities of his country, as the history of his trade in cotton, jute, wheat and oilseeds proves."

21. "Sir John Strachey wrote in 1903—"The development of foreign trade of India during the last half century has been very great and it affords remarkable illustration of the increase in the material wealth of the country. In 1840, the total value of the sea-borne trade was about £20,000,000; in 1857, the year before the transfer of the Government to the Crown, it was £55,000,000; in 1877, it was £114,000,000; in 1900-01, it was nearly £150,000,000. The foreign trade of India

is now larger than that of the United Kingdom in the middle of the last century " "The rapidity of growth may be judged from the fact that the total sea-borne trade in 1906-07, was about £230,000,000." Surely, these figures are very far from showing that India's wealth is being drained by her connection with Great Britain

22 Arts and manufactures, mines and minerals, are a perennial source of a country's wealth. Before the days of British rule, there was hardly much of either. "The Rulers have been giving industrial education to the people and at the present moment, there are schemes for a great expansion of it. Wherever possible, they purchase stores in the local market, giving a preference to the products of Indian industry. In trade, commerce and industry, they do not give to Europeans any facility which they deny to the people of this country. They offer a fair field to all and show no favour to any class. No higher privilege could be expected from Government than free scope for commercial and industrial enterprise and *that* the people have obtained. The indigo enterprise, which was at one time a monopoly of Europeans, has now been passing into the hands of the cultivators and Indian capitalists, especially in Madras. Tea-planting also was at one time a purely European industry; recently, however, there have been tea companies composed entirely of Indians. Mining business also is now, to some extent, in the hands of the Indians." Mills and factories are coming to be established with purely Indian capital and the Parsis of Bombay are already treading

closely, on the heels of their European competitors Government has never stood in the way of this development of native industrial and commercial enterprise.

23. "Industrial exhibitions help the growth of industries by spreading a knowledge of them, suggesting new ideas to observers and widening markets for articles of the kinds exhibited. Government always held such exhibitions in favour and has often given help and encouragement to the parties organising them "

24. Customs duties have an important bearing on trade England accepted long ago the principle of what is called "Free-trade" ; that is, she decided to impose no duties either on her exports or imports. Free-trade, if I may say so, is in international commerce, what division of labour is in the transactions of our everyday life. Protection is said to be economically unsound. Protection like Boycott is argued to be unsuitable to the conditions of India—We export more than we import and if other countries retaliate, how woeful would be our plight ! Without competition, there is no self-improvement. Growth in an artificial hot-house is like a house of cards, which tumbles down at a puff of air. It is far better to try to grow on the rock of self-improvement than to have to be always propped up by a protective tariff, though it may be needed while an industry is yet in its infancy.

25. It is true, the machine-made cloths of Manchester got the better of our hand-made cloths. Government is not responsible for it. There is no fighting against the laws of nature. Our home-made cloths with

machinery are equally displacing the hand-made cloths. Government, however, has been doing all in its power by opening a weaving school at Serampur and founding scholarships and in various other ways to revive the industry. Already, it has been showing signs of revival and in a few years more, it will recover the lost ground.

26. Geology, Meteorology, Zoology and Botany were not so much as known before. They are now being taught in colleges and scientific investigations are carried on outside it. The result so far obtained appears to be hopeful and full of promise for the future of our country.

27. Dispensaries and Schools, Telegraphs and Post Offices, Rails, Canals and Roads cover the land and have added to the comforts of life. Was there anything like this before?

28. It is a popular belief that famines have become more frequent during British rule. Have we ever stopped to ask ourselves "*why should this be so?*" I think, not. Agriculture is the pursuit and occupation of the masses. It has improved. The country's wealth has increased. What famines occur now and then are due mainly to the increased pressure of population on the soil. It is failure of rain rather than flood that caused the great majority of famines and we have now a net-work of irrigation canals in the dry and parched-up up-countries—a sure insurance against famine. Embankments have been made to guard against floods. Drought and flood, which cause

famine, have been greatly controlled and with the increase in wealth of the country, it is hardly consistent to say that famines have become more frequent in recent years. It has again been ascertained that the food grown in the country is enough to support the whole population and the problem of preventing famine is now largely a problem only of distribution of food—of carrying it from one part to another. There is no doubt of it that means of communication have considerably improved and increased. There is no such scarcity of food-grains or money either at any time that any one should die for want of food or money. The truth is, there is no authentic record of famines in the pre-British period and one is apt to think when the grim famine comes, that famines have become more frequent of late.

29. When a famine is actually upon us, what an immense amount of precautions is taken that no "man," "woman" or "child" dies. In the great Orissa famine, not even His Honour the Lieutenant-Governor Sir Cecil Beadon was spared; other high officials came in for their share of censure and punishment (vide Bengal under the Lieutenant-Governors, pages 363 to 392). Such is the solicitude of the British people for our welfare that millions upon millions of money were raised in London for the relief of distress here, in the famine of 1896-97 and 1899-1900. From the time of Lord Lytton, a sum of $1\frac{1}{2}$ crores is being annually allotted for famine relief. The actual relief of famine in years of scarcity has been the first charge on the grant.

30. It is true, price of food-grains has risen high causing much hardship to the landless classes. Growth of population is a cause ; export which, as we have seen, adds to our wealth, is another. But Government is not sitting idle. Enquiries are now being made to find out the causes and remedies. Formerly, rice sold for, say, one maund per rupee. It now sells, say, for 10 seers the rupee. We get Rs. 4 now where we had one before. It makes no difference, therefore, whether we have one maund of rice or Rs. 4. The national wealth remains the same—in kind or cash. What has made the difference, is that our living has become more luxurious. Our forefathers used to be content with a simple diet ; there is no dinner now without the richest dishes. There was no carriage and four, no use of *mahogany* furniture, no finery in dress. Gold and jewelleries have taken the place of the simple silver ornaments. Marriage and *Sradh* expenses have swelled to a degree, which our forefathers could never dream of. The greater portion of our money is absorbed in these and when the bare necessities of life press heavily on us, we feel the want of money to meet them. We set down to Government what in reality we owe to our own extravagant habit. The landless middle classes who have nothing to grow or sell, have to bear the brunt of the high prices. But they have found lucrative appointments under the British Government. Formerly, the salaries ranged from Rs. 5 to, say, Rs. 100. Now it begins at least at Rs. 20 and rises upwards to at least four times hundred. Earnings have increased and with them, the standard of living

and the ideas of comforts and convenience of life. It comes in fact to the question *whether we are prepared to pay the price of civilization ?*

31. We have peace and security, wealth and leisure. Leisure is the mother of all scientific discoveries and inventions and all other pursuits in life which require deep thought and study. British rule has secured us all the comforts and conveniences of life, and it now rests with us to chalk out our own careers. We must be a very discontented class of people, if we still grumble at British rule. One cannot realize the nature or extent of comforts which are *easily* earned and is, therefore, inclined to take them, as a matter of course, until he looks back upon himself. Did not the Hindoos and Mahomedans use to cut each other's throat ? This feeling came down from generation to generation and was not probably altogether unnatural. Would the Nizam, with all our ideas of unity, equality, freedom, friendship and fraternity, submit to Baroda or the latter to the former ? Had the Nizam, Baroda and all the rest of them put together, the power of combination or the strength of arms to resist the invasions of fortune-hunters like Nadir Shah who came sweeping down the plains and plundered the fair cities and put their inhabitants to the sword ? Our past history amply shows how India was the hunting-ground of rapacious adventurers, who never came to stay amongst us. The result was a sad spoliation of India. No arts, learning or manufacture could flourish in such an unsettled state of the country. On the contrary, every work of

art and learning was swept away. Under the British administration, all are equal in the eye of law ; and the most warlike nations and fiercest tribes must bow down to the strength of the British arms.

32. Opening at random a *Moscow Gazette* not very far back, one finds "To be sold 3 coachmen, 2 girls, 2 hair-dressers, pianos and organs." In another newspaper "For sale, one coachman and a Dutch calf about to calve." The Indian Penal Code has not only abolished slavery like this, long long ago, but has made penal even compulsory labour. Let those who sigh for Russian Government or the days that are to be no more, pause and consider if any other or any past Government can compare with the present.

33. In the law of a country is reflected the condition of its people. According to the inquisitorial method of trial that obtains in France, a man's antecedents are held enough for his conviction, until he can prove his innocence. Here, evidence of a man's bad character is irrelevant unless evidence of his good character has been adduced. Evidence of a man's previous conviction can be given to enhance the sentence but only *after* he has been found guilty, upon the merits of the case. In other countries, it is a proof of the guilt of the man—"once a thief, always a thief !" How different are our laws and how liberal are they and their framers. Provision has just been made for the employment of counsel, *at the expense of Government*, for the defence of persons, without pecuniary means, charged with murder !

34. Here is a specimen of how British justice is dispensed.—

At the Devon Assizes, a convict was tried for maliciously wounding with intent to kill a warder of the Dartmoor prison. The Deputy-Governor of Dartmoor prison was called, and said that when the prisoner was brought to him, he asked him if he had anything to say for himself, upon which the prisoner replied that he did not care if he swung for it.

Prisoner (interrupting) —“ I do not remember saying that to you.”

Governor—“ That only proves what an unmitigated liar you are.”

Judge to witness —“ You are here to give evidence, and not to insult the prisoner, whom it is my duty to protect.”

Governor—“ My Lord, the prisoner is one of the worst characters in the prison.”

Judge (to witness) —“ If I hear you make another statement against the prisoner extra-judicially I shall mark my opinion of it in a very decided manner. You are here to try the prisoner, not *upon his antecedents* but *upon the facts*. I am astonished that the Deputy Governor should have used such observations for the purpose of prejudicing the prisoner's case. It was discreditable to him as an official and disgraceful to him as a gentleman. I must caution the Jury, however, not to let the disgust lead them into a wrong direction—to a feeling of sympathy with the prisoner. The foolish

and wicked observations of the Deputy Governor will certainly not have the effect he intended."

35. There is the same equal treatment of all not only in law but in matters of religion also. We obtained such highly-valued privileges, as the right of trial by Jury or religious toleration, which Englishmen themselves got in their own country, after long years of hard struggle and much bloodshed. We had them almost for the asking and therefore, fail to appreciate what the blessings mean. A thing that requires to be dearly bought, is dearly loved. We had no price to pay for them and we are apt to take them as a matter of course. Within the bounds of law, we have every freedom—freedom of thought, of speech and action, of following our own religion and pursuits in life, of imposing taxes in municipalities and Chowkidari areas and of spending them. We have full powers in local affairs. Is not the country administered as much as—even more—by the children of the soil than by the British Rulers? Take a district. It consists, say, of 4 subdivisions including the *sudder*. Those who do the real work of administration and come directly into contact with the people are the Subdivisional Officer, the Munsiffs and Sub-Judges—the Inspector and Sub-Inspectors of Police—all natives. We are not fettered at all in our work, by either the District Magistrate or the District Judge. Can we not make the people happy and contented, if we all work properly? How well can we serve our country! What does there remain? Is not this true patriotism? Government shows us every pice of its

income and takes our suggestions how the last farthing should be spent. Did any former Government of Hindoos or Mahomedans, Moguls or Pathans do anything like this before? The rulers have kept control (in which we also have our share) over matters imperial. Without that, how can we, who cannot protect ourselves, be protected from foreign invasions or internecine quarrels?

36. The British nation stood up for freedom and justice in every part of the globe. Who or what were the Negroes to them? There was no bond of union, no community of interest, no tie between them as there is between us. How much more must they feel for us who have so many ties and interests in common with them? Look at the heroes whose exploits fill the foregoing pages. How they sacrificed their lives for Indians? It is gratifying to reflect how the Hon'ble Maharajadhiraj of Burdwan Sir Bijoy Chand Mahatap, K.C.I.E., imperilled his own life to save Sir Andrew's or how Dr. Lalcaca laid down his life in the ineffectual attempt to save Sir William Curzon-Wyllie's life! Rule Britannia! The good sons of Ind look up to you for their salvation. Their interest is bound up and identical with yours.

37. It is not patriotism to blindly praise all that is ours and denounce all that is foreign. We should not give ourselves up to the idea that it matters but little whether an institution or a thing of foreign-make is good or bad—it is ours and we must praise it. A people having such ideas can never

improve and they are sure sooner or later to bring ruin upon themselves. Things should be judged by their intrinsic merits ; we should emulate and not cry down ; we cannot grow in strength by avoiding difficulties but only by facing them.

38. When Lord Dufferin was leaving these shores, he said " What can I say to you, Europeans and natives alike but this ? Whatever you do, live in unity and concord and good fellowship with each other—Fate has united both races in a community of interests and neither can do without the other. Therefore, again I say, co-operate with each other in a generous and genial spirit."

39. Let us—Britons and Indians—march through life—arm in arm, putting our shoulders to the wheel. Britons and Indians can defy all the rest of the world put together. What a glorious spectacle—this march of Britons and Indians ! If, however, any one does not join hands or throws his whole heart and soul into this union, in spite of what Britain has done and promises to do for us, he shall go down

" To the vile dust, whence he sprung,
Un-wept, unhonoured and unsung."

100.—"*You grey lines
That fret the clouds are messengers of day.*"

The Maharaja Bahadur of Durbhanga in his speech to the Behai Land-holders' Association on the 14th August 1908, said :—

"The idea of self-government may be dropped for

the present, especially as it is an idea not within the realm of practical politics at this stage, nor likely to be during the present generation. Far better let us all unite on the more conservative platform on which we can take our stand and shoulder to shoulder bend all our energies on the factors of nation-building in its different aspects. Seeking after the agricultural development of this country is a pursuit which all can engage in, without any distinction of race or creed. Trust in God, loyalty to the Crown and devotion to our country's best interests should be the watchword of us all."

2. The Maharaja Bahadur might well have added "Depend upon the honour and good name of England and self-government will come of itself in the fulness of time." For, it has come to all other nations on the face of earth under her sway "England, at heart" says an eminent French writer but a rather unfriendly critic of the British Nation, "is generous When she has achieved the conquest of a nation, she sets to work to organise it. She gives it, free institutions; allows it to govern itself, trades with it, enriches it and endeavours to make herself agreeable to her new subjects. There are always thousands of Englishmen ready to go and settle in such new pastures and fraternise with the natives. When England gave her colonies, the right of self-government, there were not wanting people to prophesy that the ruin of the Empire must be the result. Contrary to their expectation, however, the effect of this excellent policy has been to bind but

closer the ties, which held the colonies to the mother-country. If England relied merely upon her bayonets to guard her empire, that empire would collapse like a house of cards : it is a moral force, something far more powerful than bayonets, that keeps it together. The Spaniards once possessed nearly the whole of the New World ; but their only aim being to enrich themselves at the expense of their colonies, they lost them all. You cannot with impunity suck a country's blood to the last drop " These are the secrets how England has been able to found an empire in which the sun never sets !

Already, a good beginning has been made here ; we have been introduced into all the councils of the State—Executive and Legislative. This fulfils the most sanguine expectations of the Maharaja Bahadur and his countrymen. To His Excellency Lord Minto belongs the credit of giving us a real and a good share in the administration of the country. Let me tell you an anecdote about this liberal Statesman.

A short time ago, when His Excellency Lord Minto got into his carriage and four at the Howrah Station, surrounded on all sides by guards, the horses went at a gallop through the streets of Calcutta. His Excellency asked the reason why such an unusually quick pace was adopted.

Aide-de-camp—Your Excellency, there is danger in the streets.

Viceroy—Is that the way to meet danger, as if you are running away from it,

Aide-de-Camp—Your Excellency, we removed the Indian guards too and replaced them with Scotch.

Viceroy—Take the Scotchmen away and put back my Indian guards. If we do not trust the Indians, how can we hope the Indians will trust us !

This was when His Excellency was not alone but with his wife and children and when Calcutta was seething with excitement. Lord Minto tried to draw the two nations together, in the face of almost insurmountable difficulties. He very rightly struck down violence and anarchy but did not refuse us the gift of self-government.

British Rule, unlike any other, is but the Reign of Law—all the world over. From sovereignty, the ministry and the viceroyalty down to the pettiest policeman in the streets—all but administer the same Law which has set bounds to their authority—“Thus far shalt thou go and no further.” Can any one budge an inch from the path laid down for him, with impunity ? In all other monarchies, especially Asiatic—it is Caprice that rules. If the king be an Akber, all goes on well ; If an Aurungzeb, the *Jezia* is imposed and woe to the land. How different is the “Clock-work Rule” of Britain in India !

The streaks of light that are seen through the clouds of ages of past misgovernment are ushering us into the dawn of a brighter day. England has come to the fallen Indians, as Keshab Chandra Sen said, as a saviour to lift them up in the scale of nations. Without *her*

helping hand, India would grovel in the dust for centuries more. May She complete her benign work of regeneration.

Let me conclude by quoting Voltaire's saying,

“ If I had had to choose my birthplace, I would have chosen England.”